VENUS

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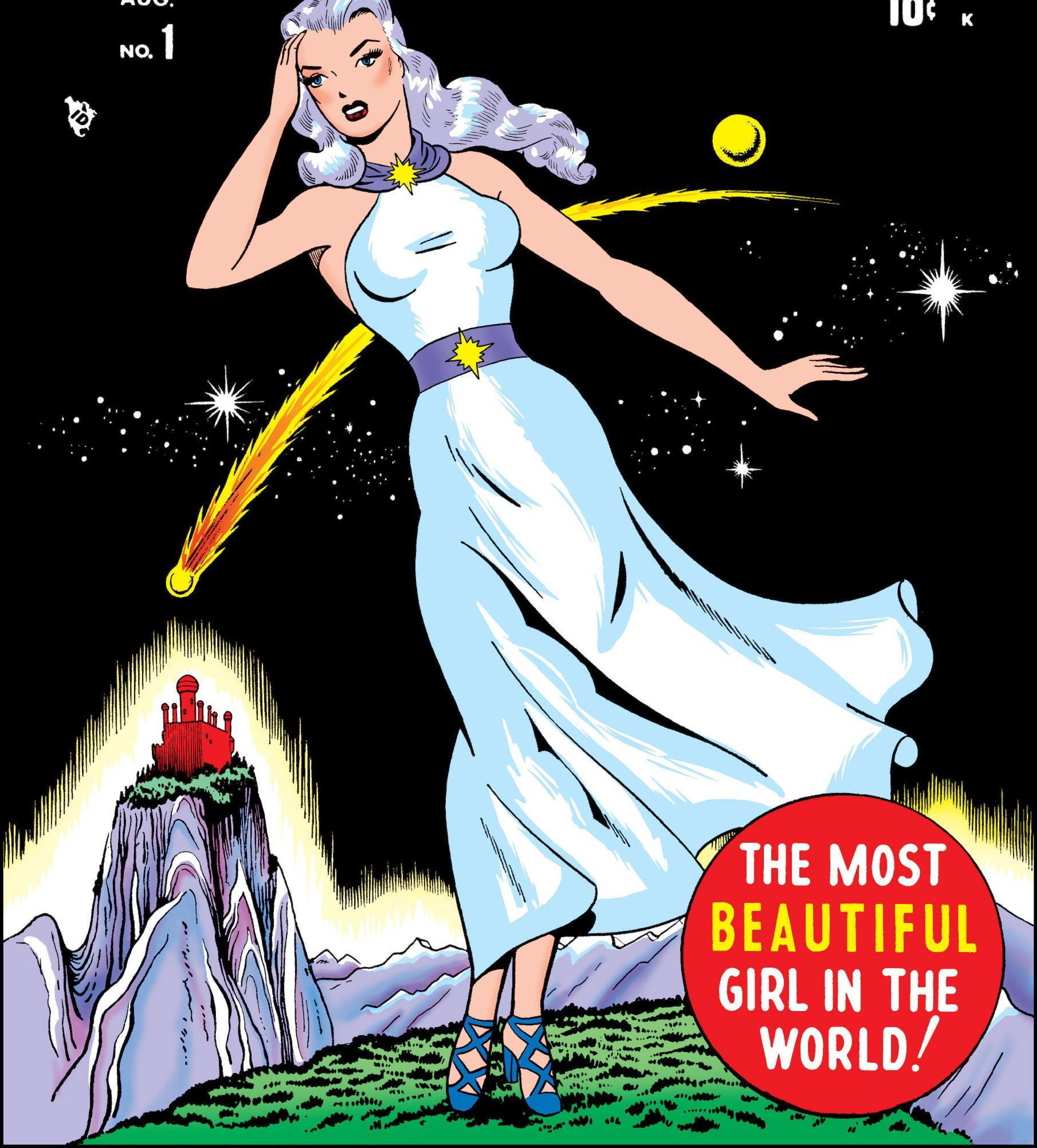
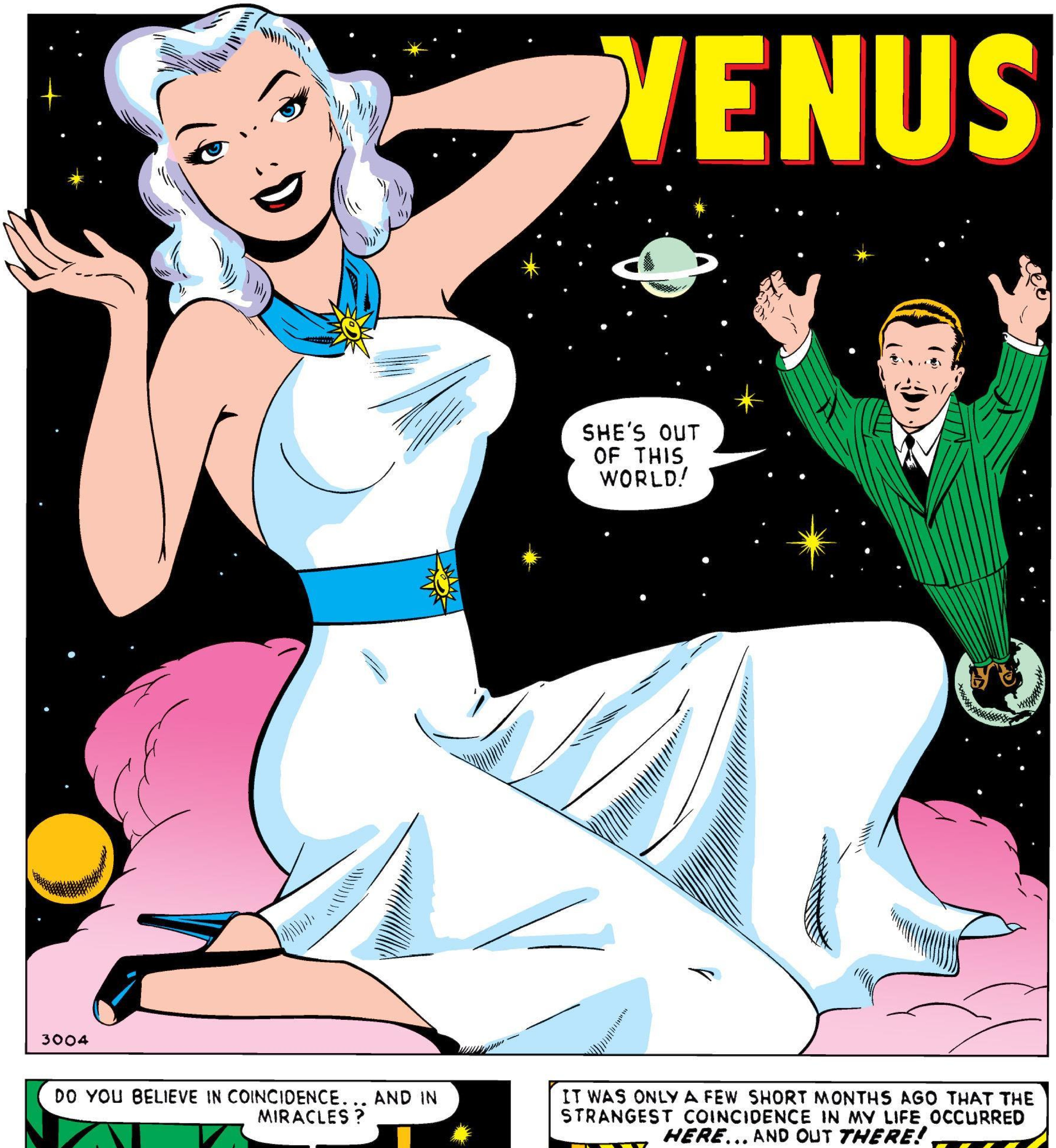

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!


VENUS
SHE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!
3004
DO YOU BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCE... AND IN MIRACLES?
IT WAS ONLY A FEW SHORT MONTHS AGO THAT THE STRANGEST COINCIDENCE IN MY LIFE OCCURRED *HERE*... AND OUT *THERE*!
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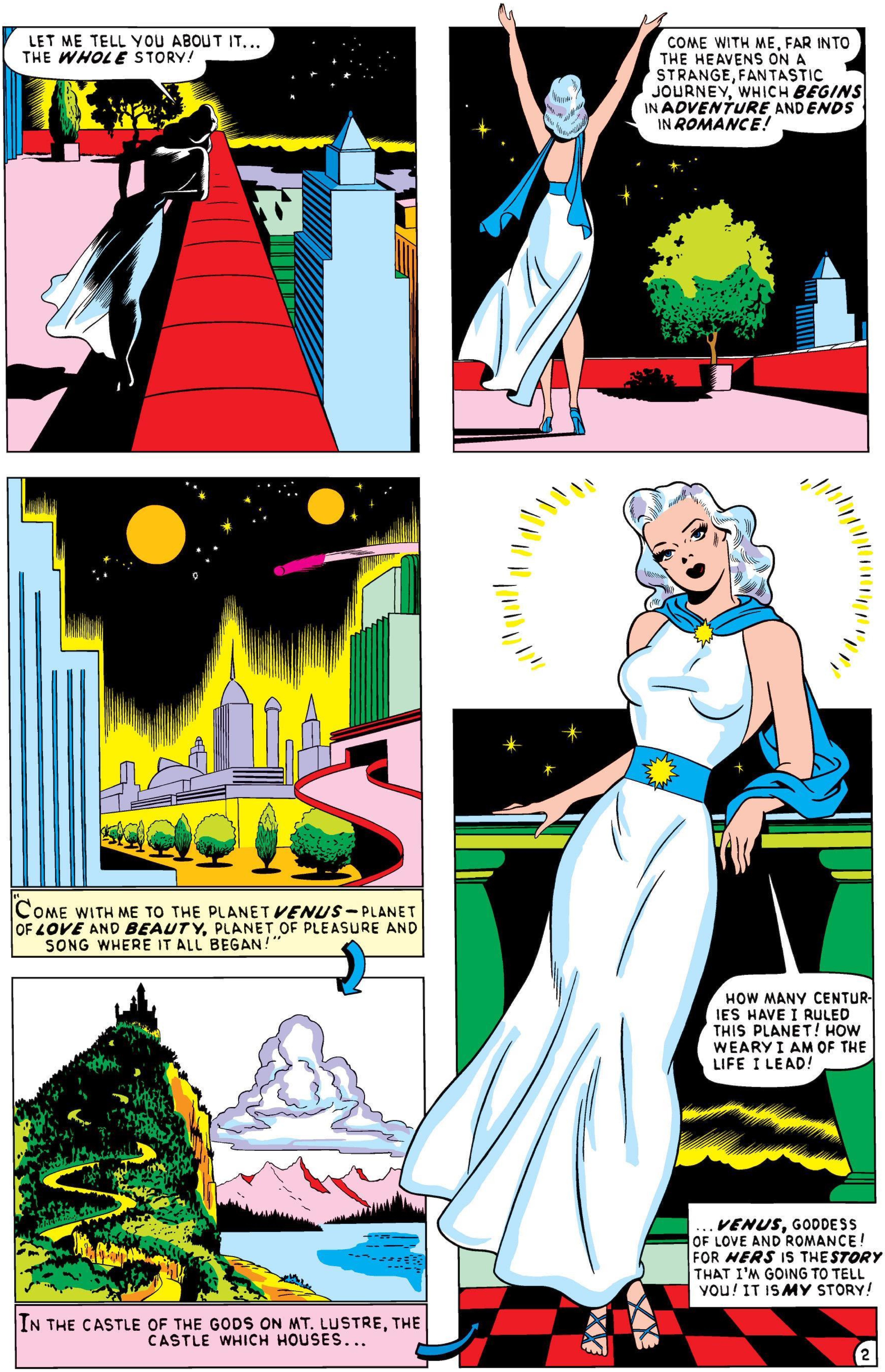
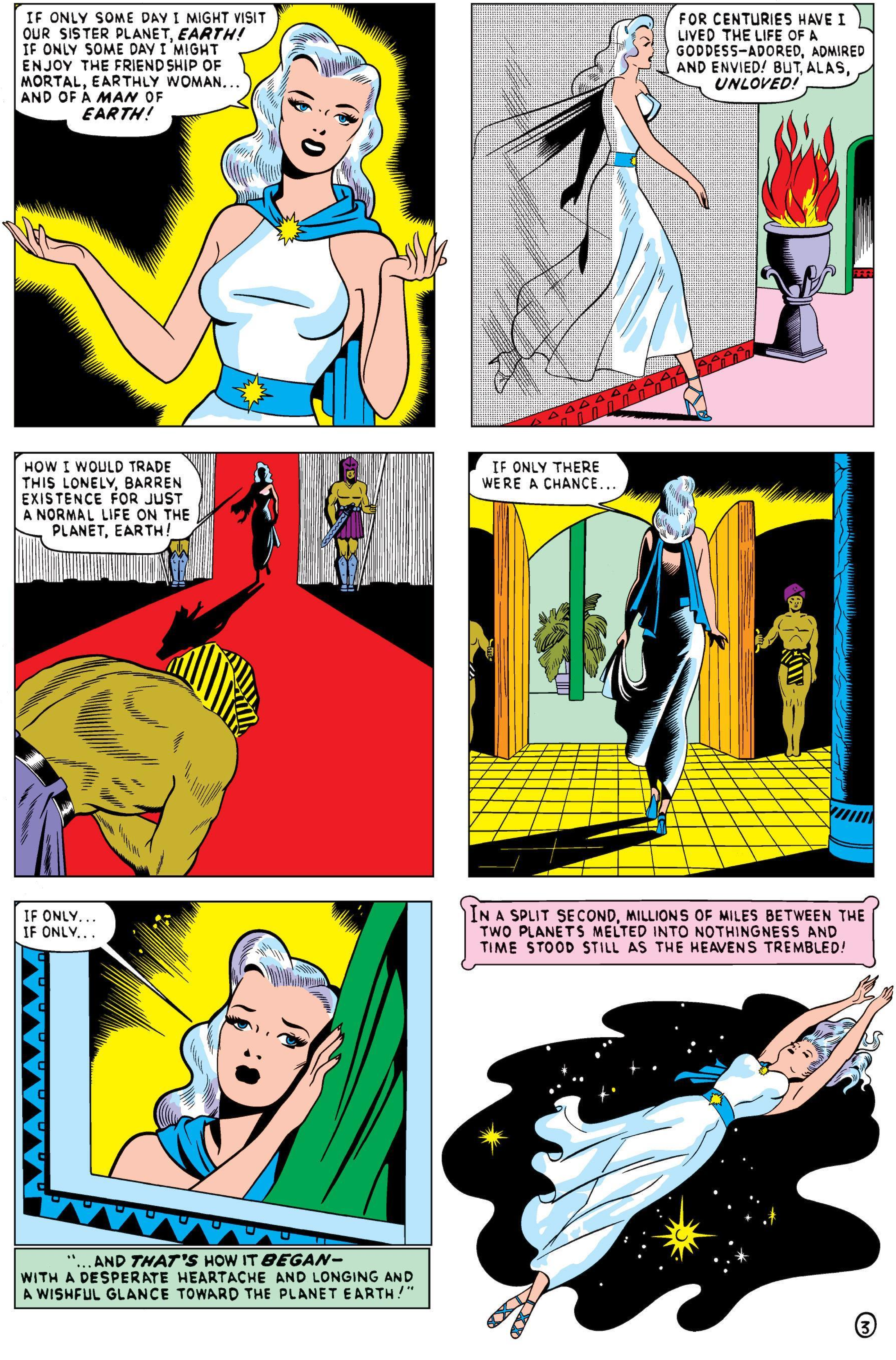
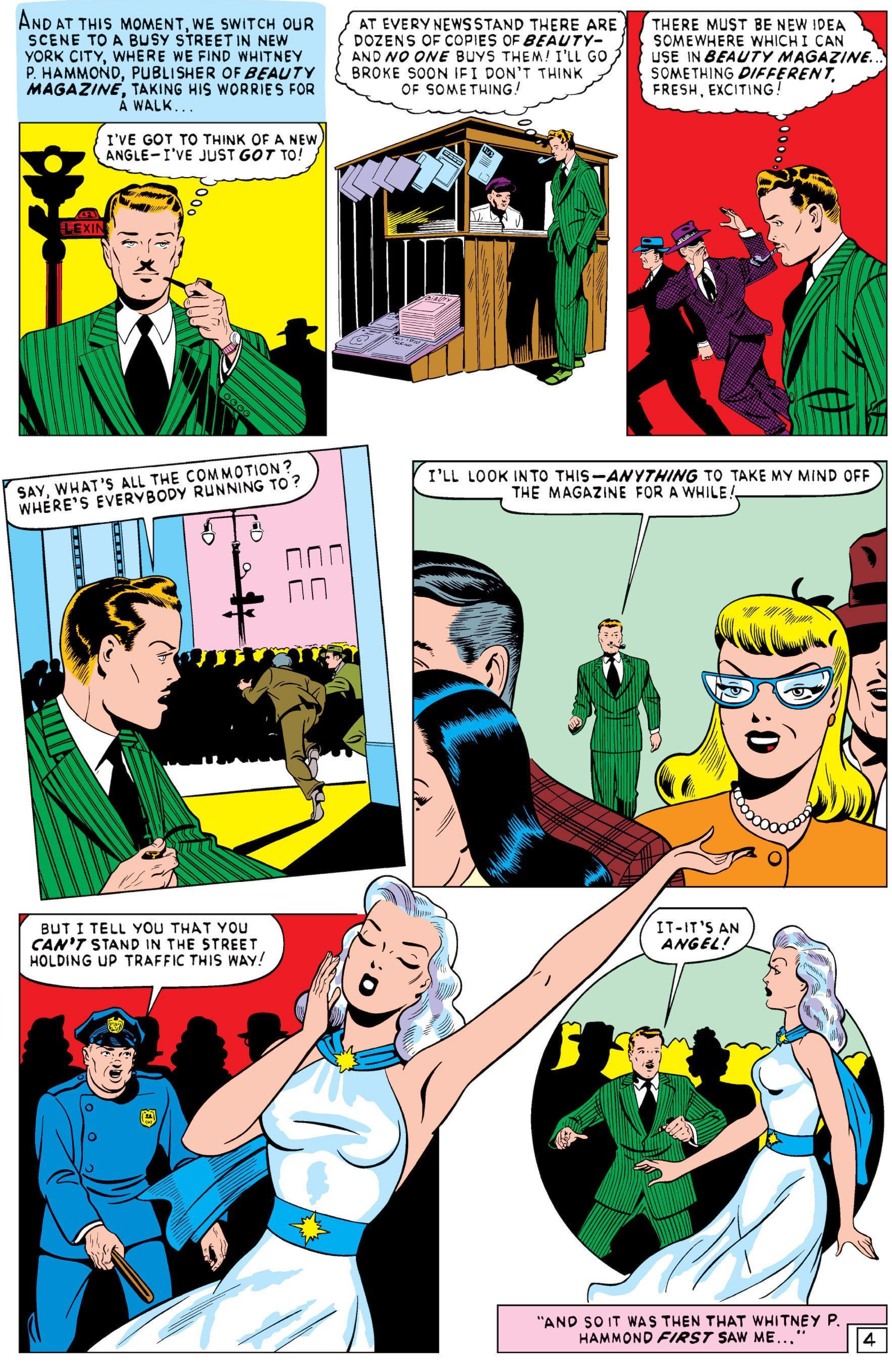
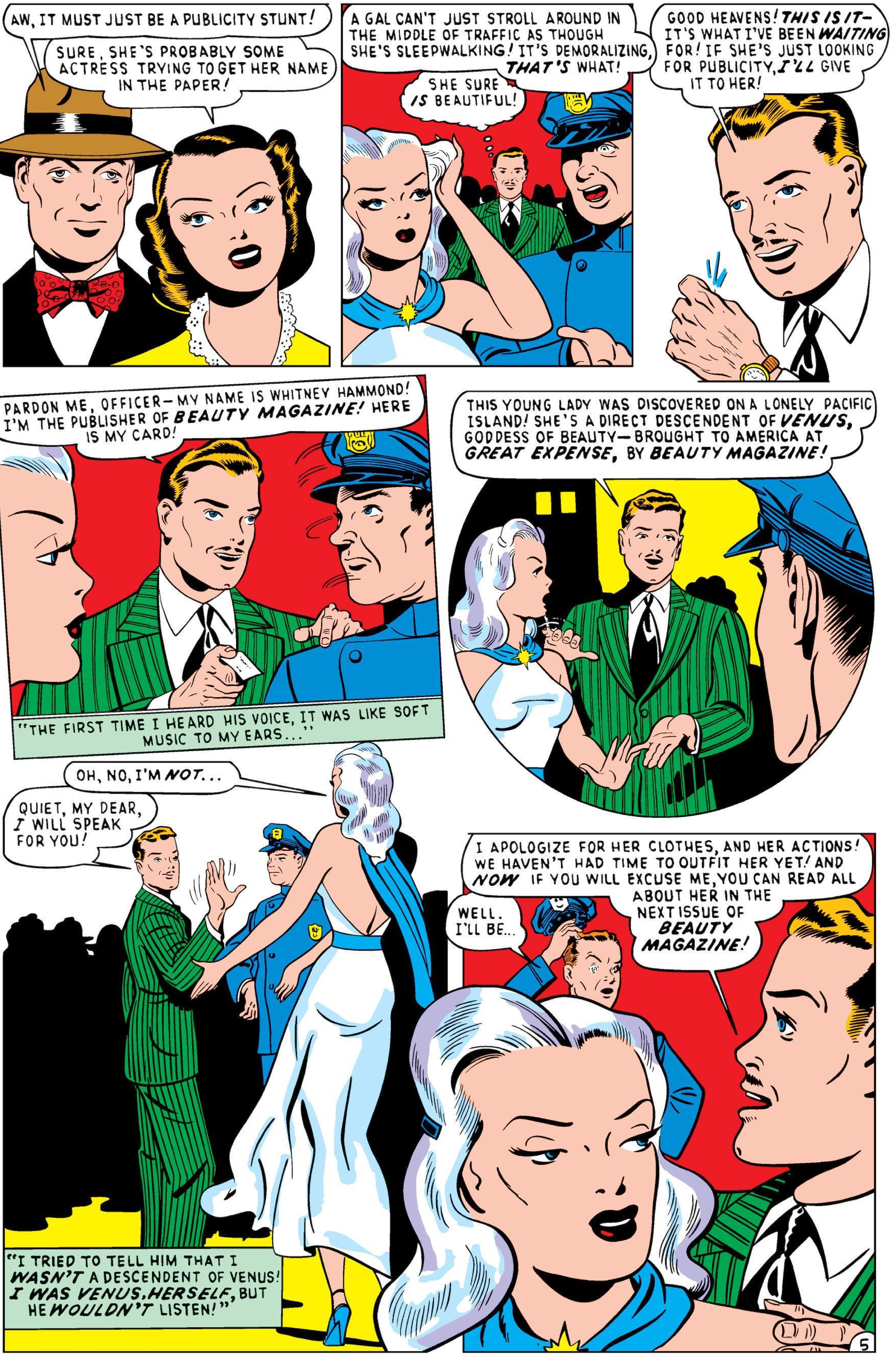
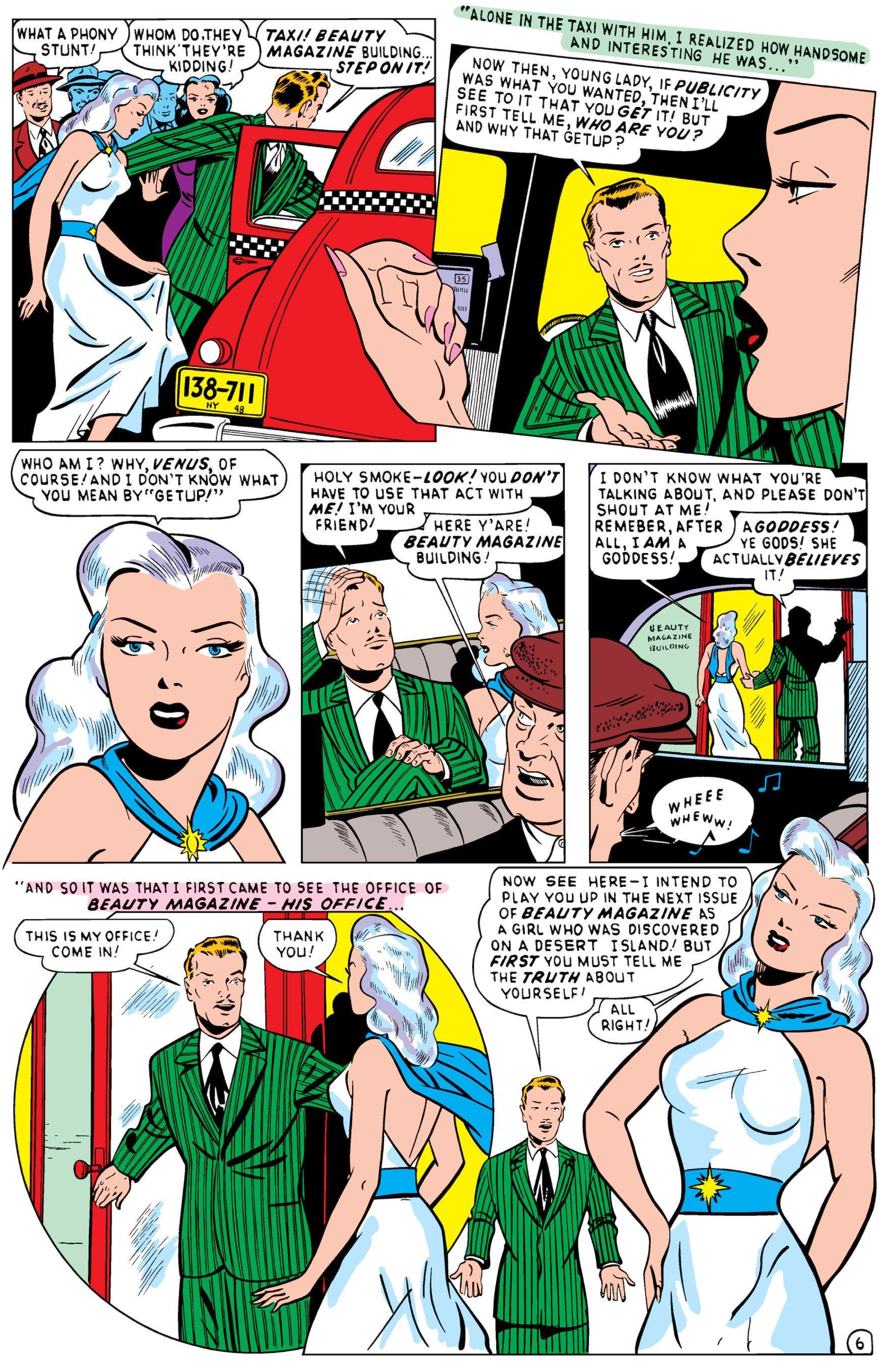
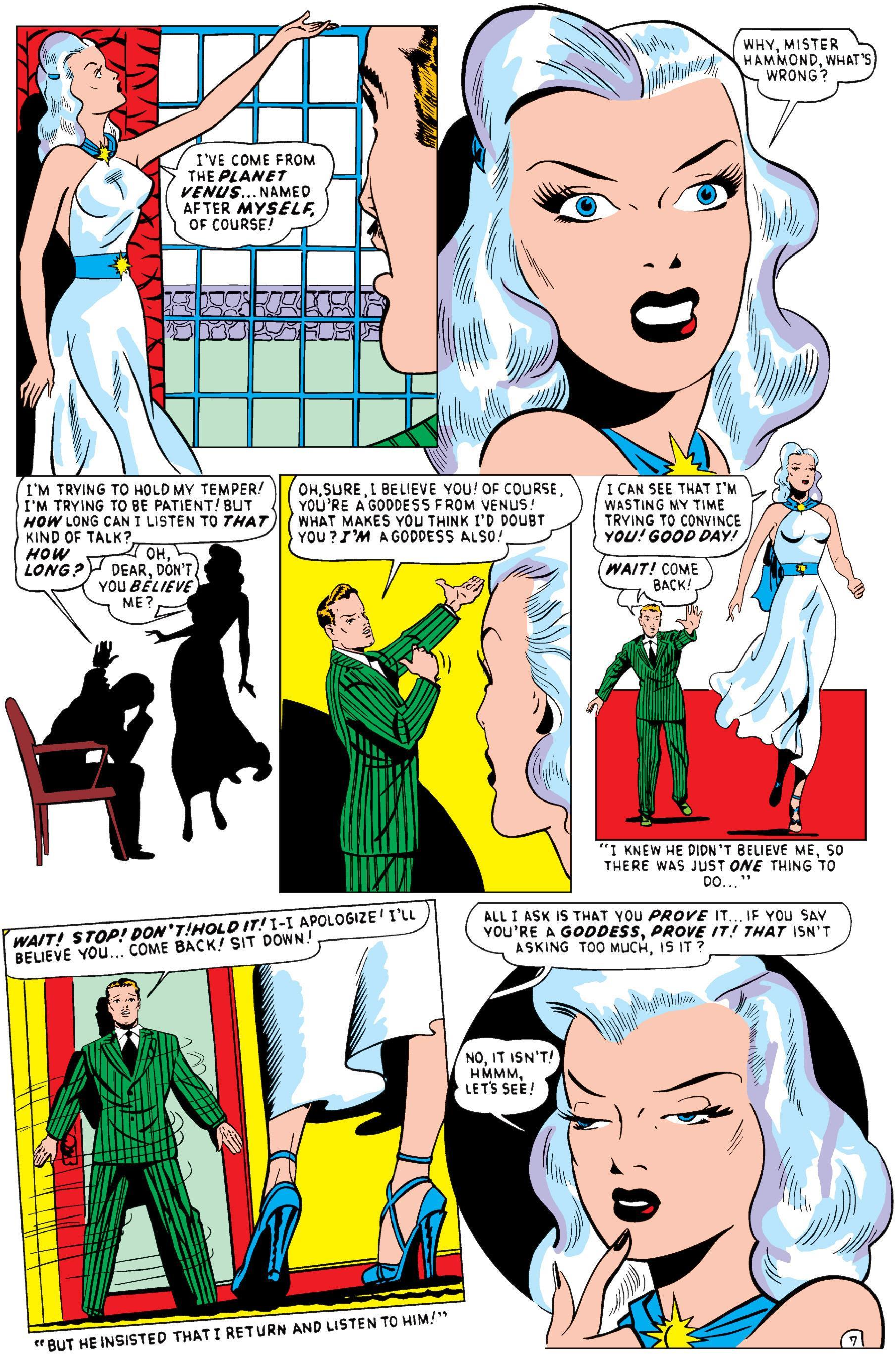

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT... THE *WHOLE* STORY!
COME WITH ME, FAR INTO THE HEAVENS ON A STRANGE, FANTASTIC JOURNEY, WHICH *BEGINS* IN *ADVENTURE* AND *ENDS* IN *ROMANCE!*
"COME WITH ME TO THE PLANET *VENUS*—PLANET OF *LOVE* AND *BEAUTY*, PLANET OF PLEASURE AND SONG WHERE IT ALL BEGAN!"
IN THE CASTLE OF THE GODS ON MT. LUSTRE, THE CASTLE WHICH HOUSES...
HOW MANY CENTURIES HAVE I RULED THIS PLANET! HOW WEARY I AM OF THE LIFE I LEAD!
...*VENUS*, GODDESS OF LOVE AND ROMANCE! FOR *HERS* IS THE *STORY* THAT I'M GOING TO TELL YOU! IT IS *MY* STORY!

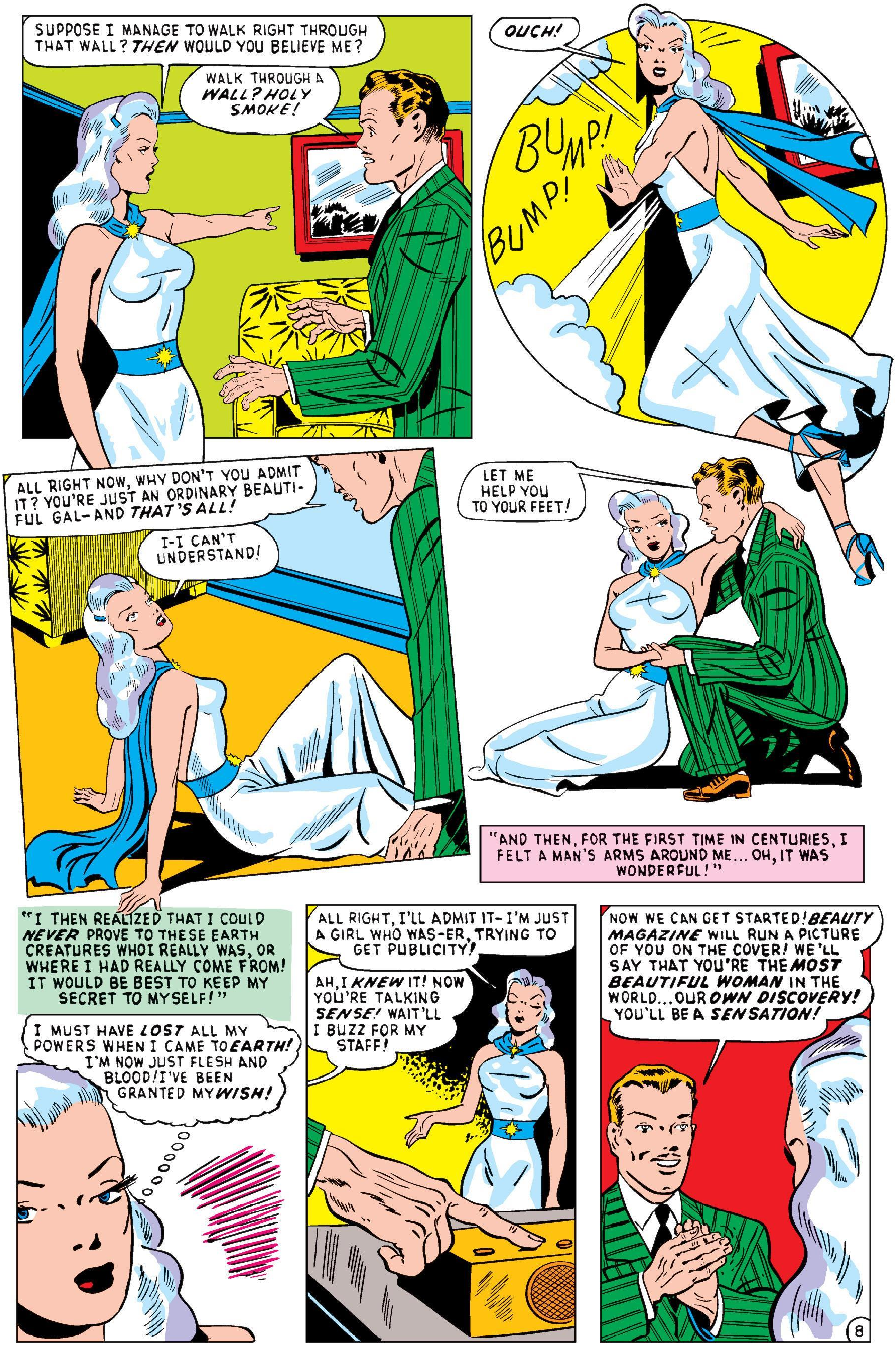

IF ONLY SOME DAY I MIGHT VISIT OUR SISTER PLANET, *EARTH!* IF ONLY SOME DAY I MIGHT ENJOY THE FRIENDSHIP OF MORTAL, EARTHLY WOMAN... AND OF A *MAN* OF *EARTH!*
FOR CENTURIES HAVE I LIVED THE LIFE OF A GODDESS—ADORED, ADMIRED AND ENVIED! BUT, ALAS, *UNLOVED!*
HOW I WOULD TRADE THIS LONELY, BARREN EXISTENCE FOR JUST A NORMAL LIFE ON THE PLANET, EARTH!
IF ONLY THERE WERE A CHANCE...
IF ONLY... IF ONLY...
"...AND *THAT'S* HOW IT *BEGAN*— WITH A DESPERATE HEARTACHE AND LONGING AND A WISHFUL GLANCE TOWARD THE PLANET EARTH!"
IN A SPLIT SECOND, MILLIONS OF MILES BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS MELTED INTO NOTHINGNESS AND TIME STOOD STILL AS THE HEAVENS TREMBLED!

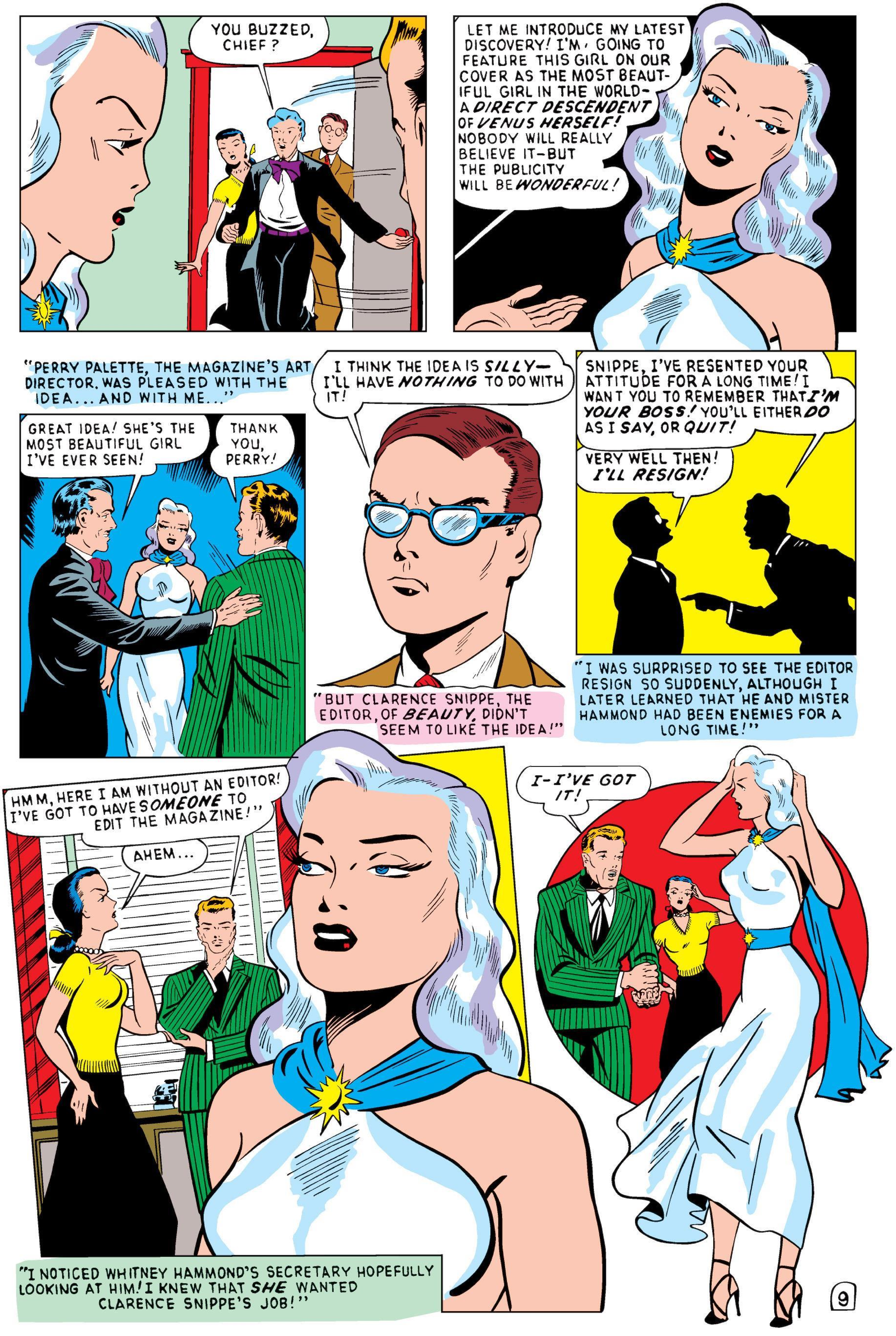

AND AT THIS MOMENT, WE SWITCH OUR SCENE TO A BUSY STREET IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE WE FIND WHITNEY P. HAMMOND, PUBLISHER OF *BEAUTY MAGAZINE*, TAKING HIS WORRIES FOR A WALK...
I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A NEW ANGLE—I'VE JUST *GOT* TO!
LEXIN
AT EVERY NEWSSTAND THERE ARE DOZENS OF COPIES OF *BEAUTY*—AND *NO ONE* BUYS THEM! I'LL GO BROKE SOON IF I DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING!
BEAUTY
THERE MUST BE NEW IDEA SOMEWHERE WHICH I CAN USE IN *BEAUTY MAGAZINE*... SOMETHING *DIFFERENT*, FRESH, EXCITING!
SAY, WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION? WHERE'S EVERYBODY RUNNING TO?
I'LL LOOK INTO THIS—*ANYTHING* TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THE MAGAZINE FOR A WHILE!
BUT I TELL YOU THAT YOU *CAN'T* STAND IN THE STREET HOLDING UP TRAFFIC THIS WAY!
IT-IT'S AN *ANGEL*!
"AND SO IT WAS THEN THAT WHITNEY P. HAMMOND *FIRST* SAW ME..."

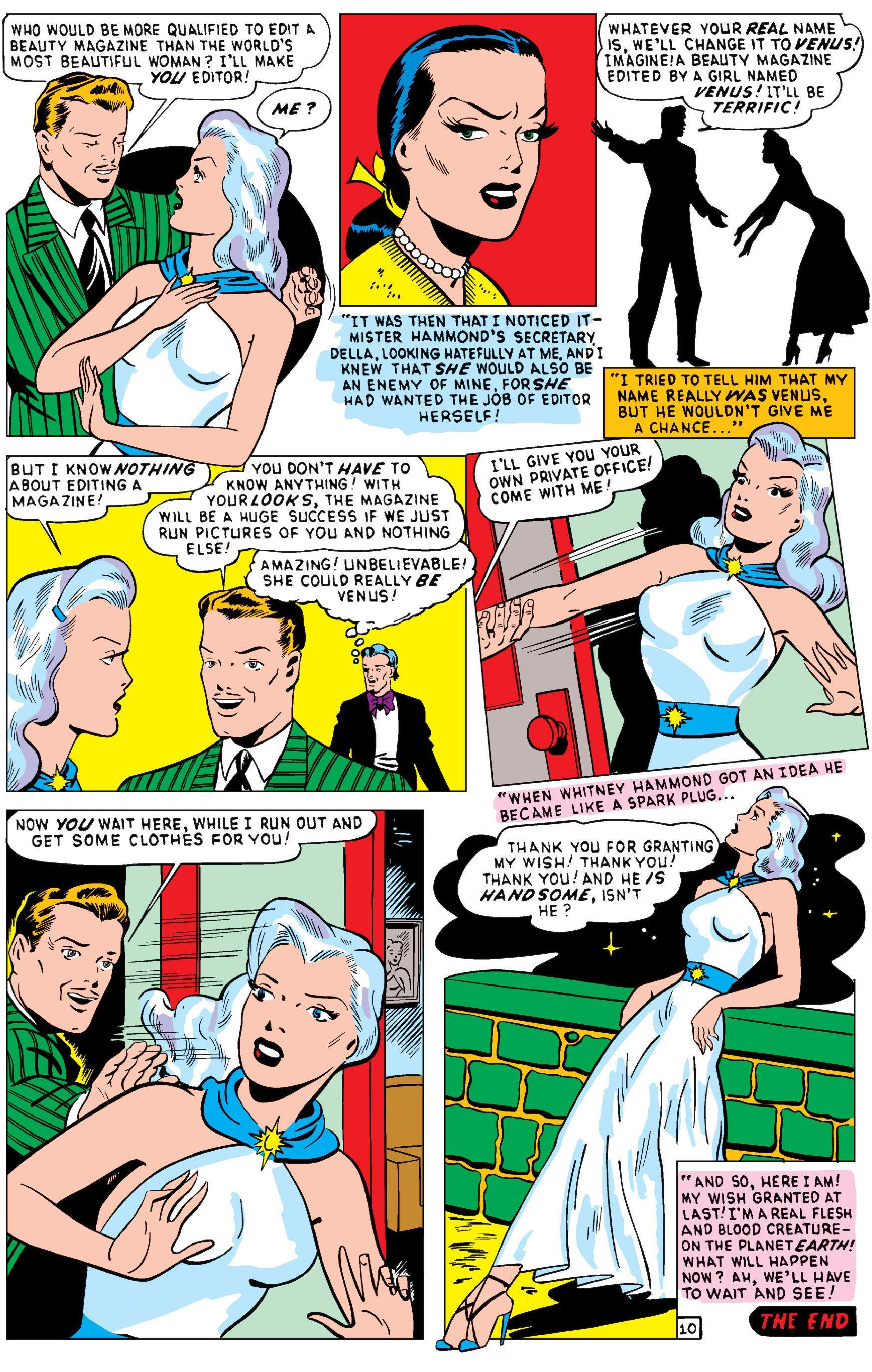

AW, IT MUST JUST BE A PUBLICITY STUNT!
SURE, SHE'S PROBABLY SOME ACTRESS TRYING TO GET HER NAME IN THE PAPER!
A GAL CAN'T JUST STROLL AROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF TRAFFIC AS THOUGH SHE'S SLEEPWALKING! IT'S DEMORALIZING, *THAT'S* WHAT!
SHE SURE *IS* BEAUTIFUL!
GOOD HEAVENS! *THIS IS IT*— IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR! IF SHE'S JUST LOOKING FOR PUBLICITY, *I'LL* GIVE IT TO HER!
PARDON ME, OFFICER— MY NAME IS WHITNEY HAMMOND! I'M THE PUBLISHER OF *BEAUTY MAGAZINE!* HERE IS MY CARD!
"THE FIRST TIME I HEARD HIS VOICE, IT WAS LIKE SOFT MUSIC TO MY EARS..."
THIS YOUNG LADY WAS DISCOVERED ON A LONELY PACIFIC ISLAND! SHE'S A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF *VENUS,* GODDESS OF BEAUTY— BROUGHT TO AMERICA AT *GREAT EXPENSE,* BY *BEAUTY MAGAZINE!*
OH, NO, I'M *NOT*...
QUIET, MY DEAR, *I* WILL SPEAK FOR YOU!
"I TRIED TO TELL HIM THAT I *WASN'T* A DESCENDENT OF VENUS! *I WAS VENUS, HERSELF,* BUT HE *WOULDN'T* LISTEN!"
I APOLOGIZE FOR HER CLOTHES, AND HER ACTIONS! WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO OUTFIT HER YET! AND *NOW* IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT HER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *BEAUTY MAGAZINE!*
WELL. I'LL BE...

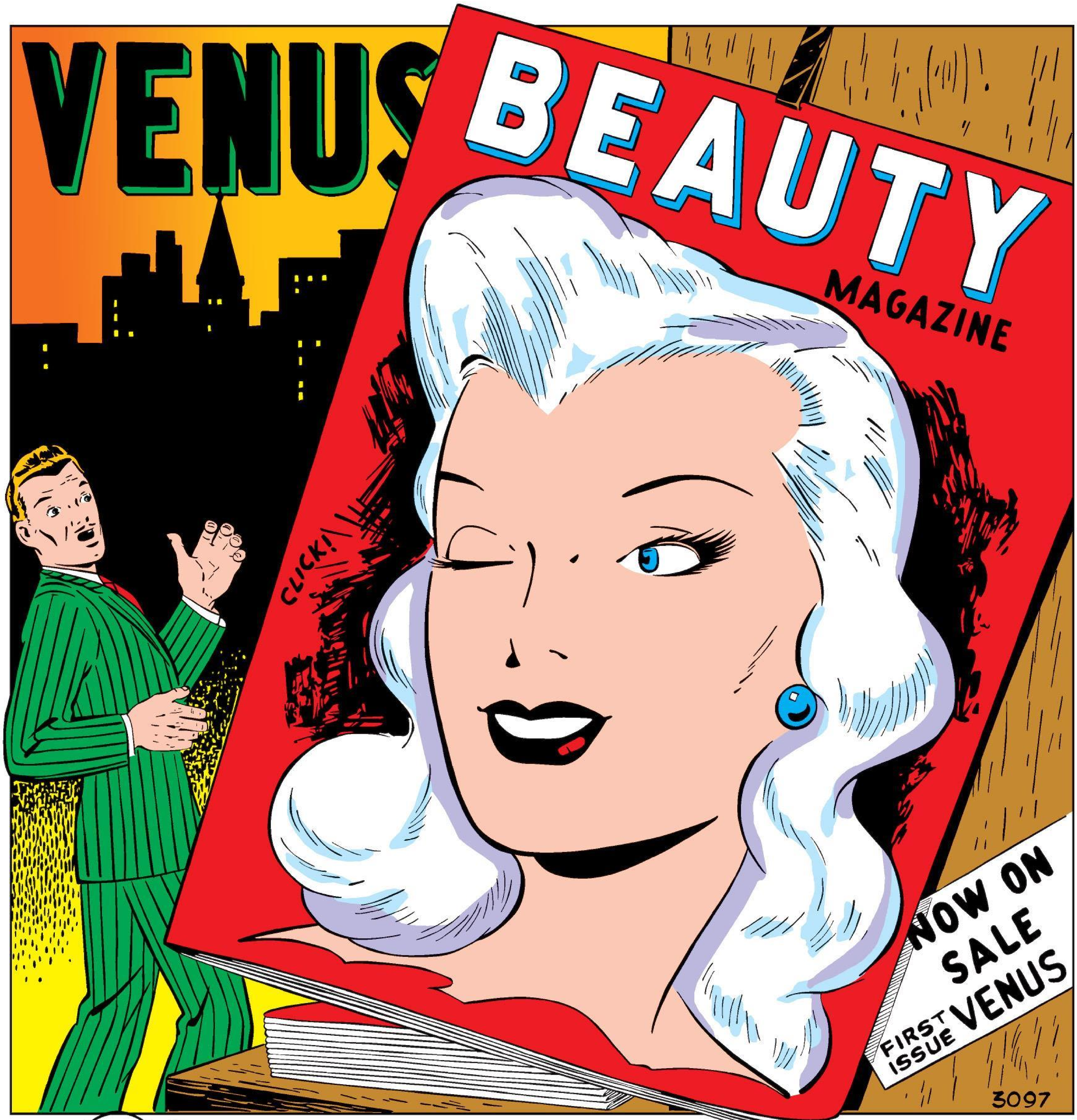

WHAT A PHONY STUNT!
WHOM DO THEY THINK THEY'RE KIDDING!
TAXI! BEAUTY MAGAZINE BUILDING... STEP ON IT!
138-711 NY 48
"ALONE IN THE TAXI WITH HIM, I REALIZED HOW HANDSOME AND INTERESTING HE WAS..."
NOW THEN, YOUNG LADY, IF PUBLICITY WAS WHAT YOU WANTED, THEN I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET IT! BUT FIRST TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY THAT GETUP?
WHO AM I? WHY, VENUS, OF COURSE! AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY "GETUP!"
HOLY SMOKE—LOOK! YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE THAT ACT WITH ME! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
HERE Y'ARE! BEAUTY MAGAZINE BUILDING!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, AND PLEASE DON'T SHOUT AT ME! REMEBER, AFTER ALL, I AM A GODDESS!
A GODDESS! YE GODS! SHE ACTUALLY BELIEVES IT!
BEAUTY MAGAZINE BUILDING
WHEEE WHEWW!
"AND SO IT WAS THAT I FIRST CAME TO SEE THE OFFICE OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE—HIS OFFICE...
THIS IS MY OFFICE! COME IN!
THANK YOU!
NOW SEE HERE—I INTEND TO PLAY YOU UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE AS A GIRL WHO WAS DISCOVERED ON A DESERT ISLAND! BUT FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF!
ALL RIGHT!


I'VE COME FROM THE **PLANET VENUS**... NAMED AFTER **MYSELF**, OF COURSE!
WHY, MISTER HAMMOND, WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M TRYING TO HOLD MY TEMPER! I'M TRYING TO BE PATIENT! BUT **HOW** LONG CAN I LISTEN TO **THAT** KIND OF TALK? **HOW LONG?**
OH, DEAR, DON'T YOU **BELIEVE** ME?
OH, SURE, I BELIEVE YOU! OF COURSE, YOU'RE A GODDESS FROM VENUS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D DOUBT YOU? **I'M** A GODDESS ALSO!
I CAN SEE THAT I'M WASTING MY TIME TRYING TO CONVINCE **YOU! GOOD DAY!**
WAIT! COME BACK!
"I KNEW HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, SO THERE WAS JUST **ONE** THING TO DO..."
WAIT! STOP! DON'T! HOLD IT! I-I APOLOGIZE! I'LL BELIEVE YOU... COME BACK! SIT DOWN!
"BUT HE INSISTED THAT I RETURN AND LISTEN TO HIM!"
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU **PROVE** IT... IF YOU SAY YOU'RE A **GODDESS**, **PROVE IT! THAT** ISN'T ASKING TOO MUCH, IS IT?
NO, IT ISN'T! HMMM, LET'S SEE!


SUPPOSE I MANAGE TO WALK RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL? *THEN* WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME?
WALK THROUGH A *WALL? HOLY SMOKE!*
OUCH!
BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!
ALL RIGHT NOW, WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT IT? YOU'RE JUST AN ORDINARY BEAUTIFUL GAL—AND *THAT'S ALL!*
I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND!
LET ME HELP YOU TO YOUR FEET!
"AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES, I FELT A MAN'S ARMS AROUND ME... OH, IT WAS WONDERFUL!"
"I THEN REALIZED THAT I COULD *NEVER* PROVE TO THESE EARTH CREATURES WHO I REALLY WAS, OR WHERE I HAD REALLY COME FROM! IT WOULD BE BEST TO KEEP MY SECRET TO MYSELF!"
I MUST HAVE *LOST* ALL MY POWERS WHEN I CAME TO *EARTH!* I'M NOW JUST FLESH AND BLOOD! I'VE BEEN GRANTED MY *WISH!*
ALL RIGHT, I'LL ADMIT IT- I'M JUST A GIRL WHO WAS-ER, TRYING TO GET PUBLICITY!
AH, I *KNEW* IT! NOW YOU'RE TALKING *SENSE!* WAIT'LL I BUZZ FOR MY STAFF!
NOW WE CAN GET STARTED! *BEAUTY MAGAZINE* WILL RUN A PICTURE OF YOU ON THE COVER! WE'LL SAY THAT YOU'RE THE *MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN* IN THE WORLD... OUR *OWN DISCOVERY!* YOU'LL BE A *SENSATION!*


YOU BUZZED, CHIEF?
LET ME INTRODUCE MY LATEST DISCOVERY! I'M GOING TO FEATURE THIS GIRL ON OUR COVER AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD— A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF VENUS HERSELF! NOBODY WILL REALLY BELIEVE IT—BUT THE PUBLICITY WILL BE WONDERFUL!
"PERRY PALETTE, THE MAGAZINE'S ART DIRECTOR, WAS PLEASED WITH THE IDEA... AND WITH ME..."
GREAT IDEA! SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN!
THANK YOU, PERRY!
I THINK THE IDEA IS SILLY— I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
"BUT CLARENCE SNIPPE, THE EDITOR, OF BEAUTY, DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE THE IDEA!"
SNIPPE, I'VE RESENTED YOUR ATTITUDE FOR A LONG TIME! I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER THAT I'M YOUR BOSS! YOU'LL EITHER DO AS I SAY, OR QUIT!
VERY WELL THEN! I'LL RESIGN!
"I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE EDITOR RESIGN SO SUDDENLY, ALTHOUGH I LATER LEARNED THAT HE AND MISTER HAMMOND HAD BEEN ENEMIES FOR A LONG TIME!"
HMM, HERE I AM WITHOUT AN EDITOR! I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEONE TO EDIT THE MAGAZINE!"
AHEM...
"I NOTICED WHITNEY HAMMOND'S SECRETARY HOPEFULLY LOOKING AT HIM! I KNEW THAT SHE WANTED CLARENCE SNIPPE'S JOB!"
I-I'VE GOT IT!


WHO WOULD BE MORE QUALIFIED TO EDIT A BEAUTY MAGAZINE THAN THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN? I'LL MAKE *YOU* EDITOR!
ME?
"IT WAS THEN THAT I NOTICED IT— MISTER HAMMOND'S SECRETARY, DELLA, LOOKING HATEFULLY AT ME, AND I KNEW THAT *SHE* WOULD ALSO BE AN ENEMY OF MINE, FOR *SHE* HAD WANTED THE JOB OF EDITOR HERSELF!
WHATEVER YOUR *REAL* NAME IS, WE'LL CHANGE IT TO *VENUS!* IMAGINE! A BEAUTY MAGAZINE EDITED BY A GIRL NAMED *VENUS!* IT'LL BE *TERRIFIC!*
"I TRIED TO TELL HIM THAT MY NAME REALLY *WAS* VENUS, BUT HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE..."
BUT I KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT EDITING A MAGAZINE!
YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO KNOW ANYTHING! WITH YOUR *LOOKS*, THE MAGAZINE WILL BE A HUGE SUCCESS IF WE JUST RUN PICTURES OF YOU AND NOTHING ELSE!
AMAZING! UNBELIEVABLE! SHE COULD REALLY *BE* VENUS!
I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR OWN PRIVATE OFFICE! COME WITH ME!
"WHEN WHITNEY HAMMOND GOT AN IDEA HE BECAME LIKE A SPARK PLUG...
NOW *YOU* WAIT HERE, WHILE I RUN OUT AND GET SOME CLOTHES FOR YOU!
THANK YOU FOR GRANTING MY WISH! THANK YOU! THANK YOU! AND HE *IS* *HANDSOME*, ISN'T HE?
"AND SO, HERE I AM! MY WISH GRANTED AT LAST! I'M A REAL FLESH AND BLOOD CREATURE— ON THE PLANET *EARTH!* WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? AH, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!
10
THE END


VENUS
BEAUTY
MAGAZINE
CLICK!
NOW ON SALE
FIRST ISSUE VENUS
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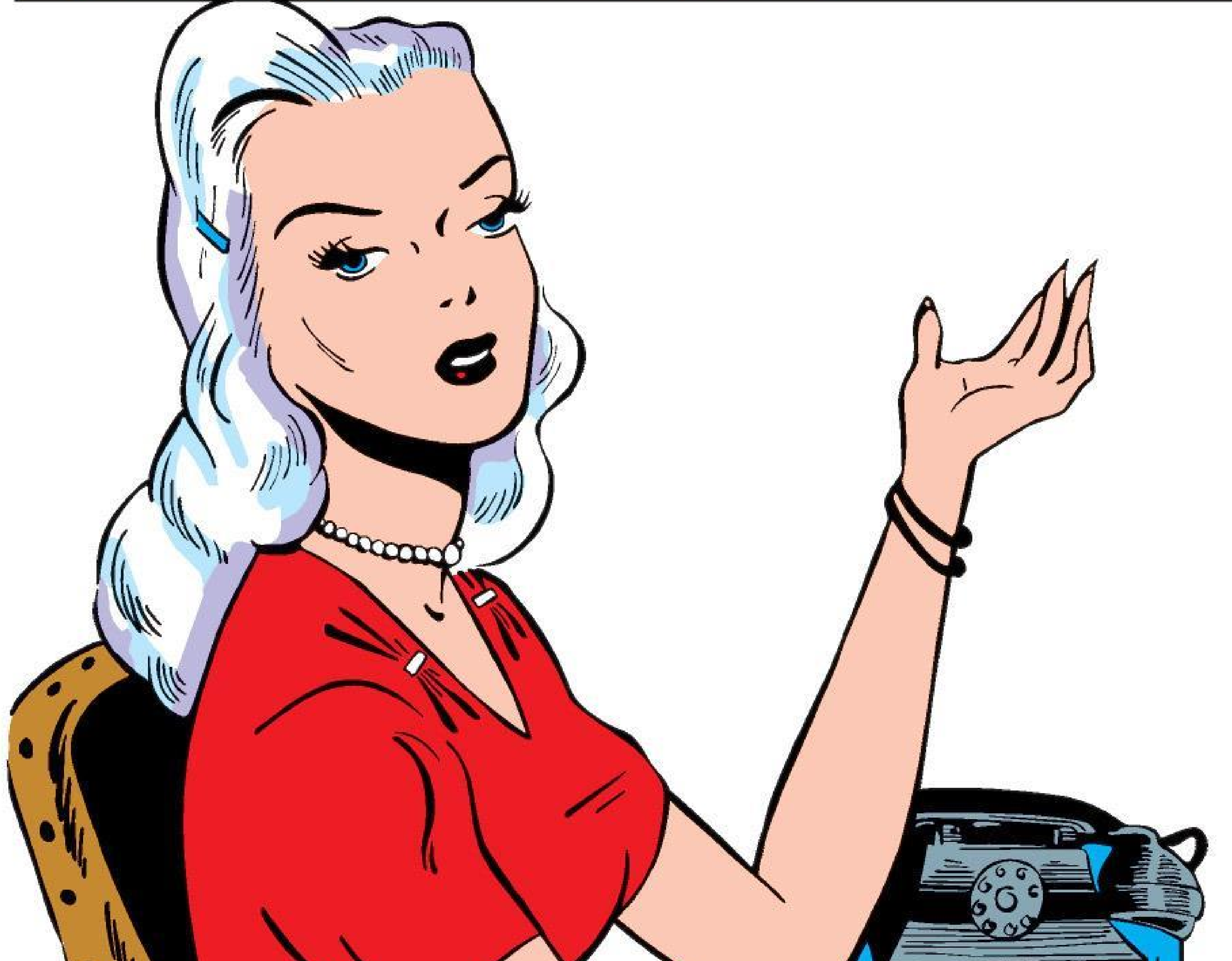
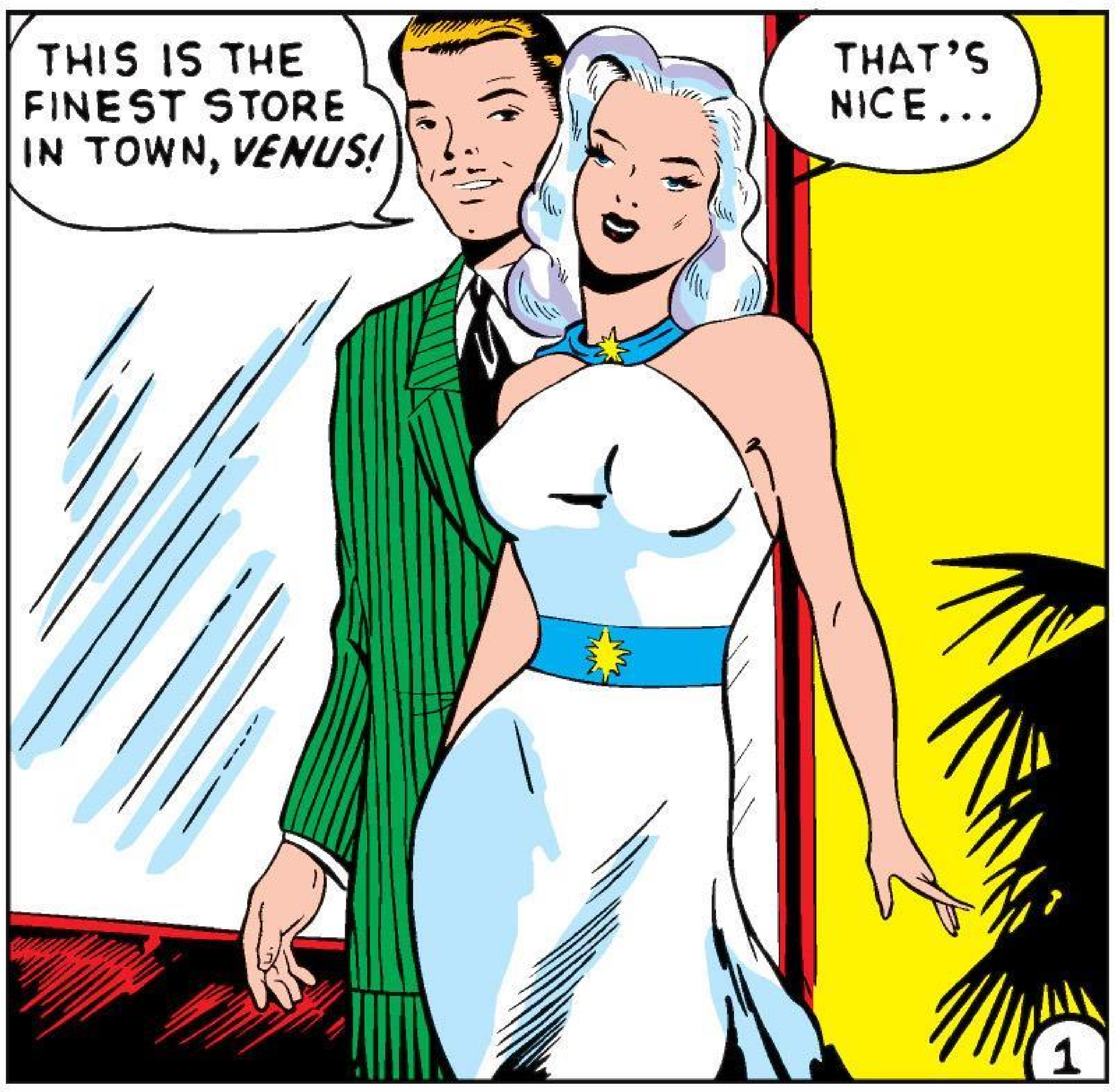


"HERE I AM, A SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE EDITOR NOW! LET ME TELL YOU THE EXCITING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED SINCE WE LAST MET..."

"THE FIRST THING MR. HAMMOND DID WAS INSIST THAT I BUY SOME LOVELY CLOTHES..."


THIS IS THE FINEST STORE IN TOWN, *VENUS*!
THAT'S NICE...
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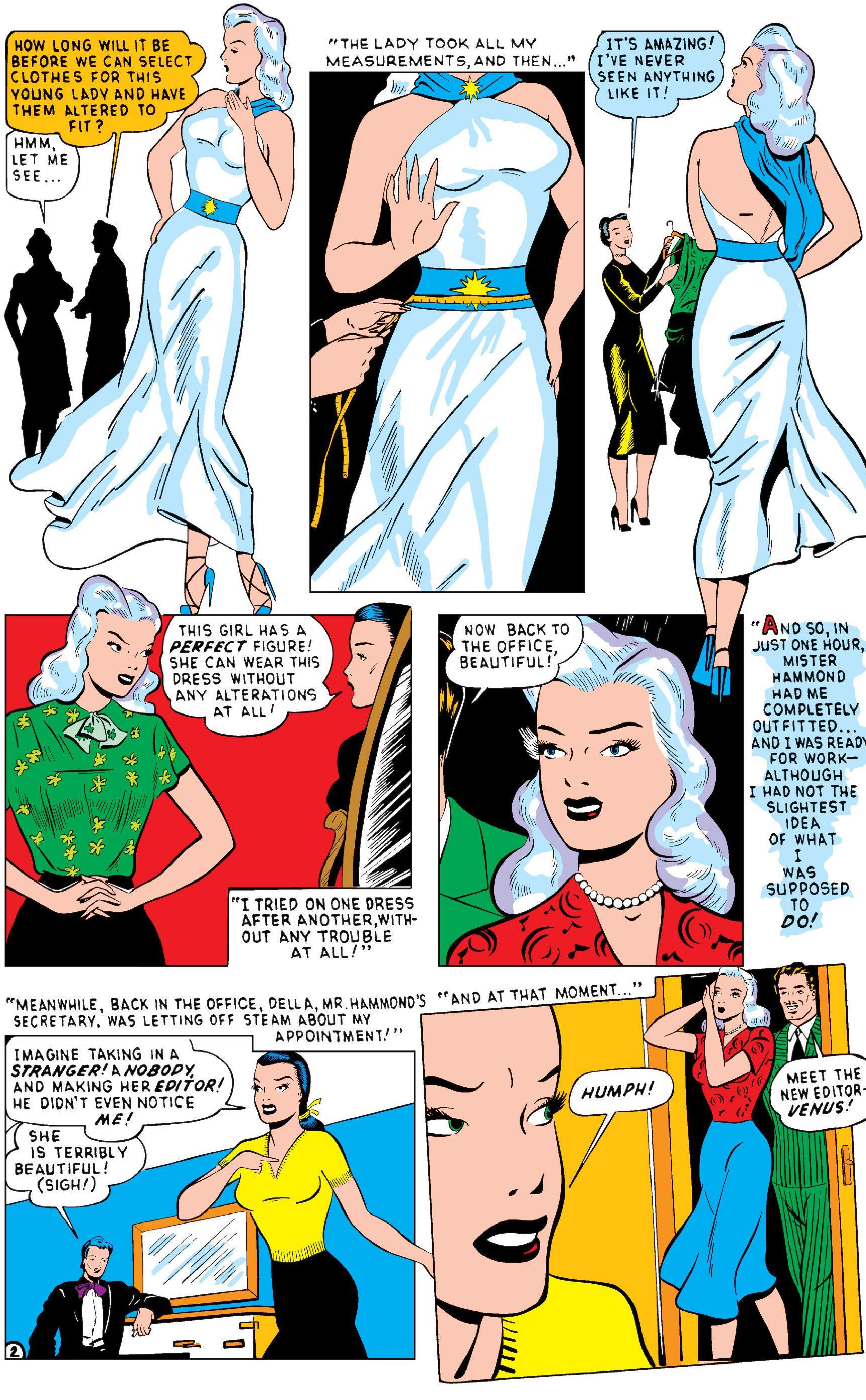
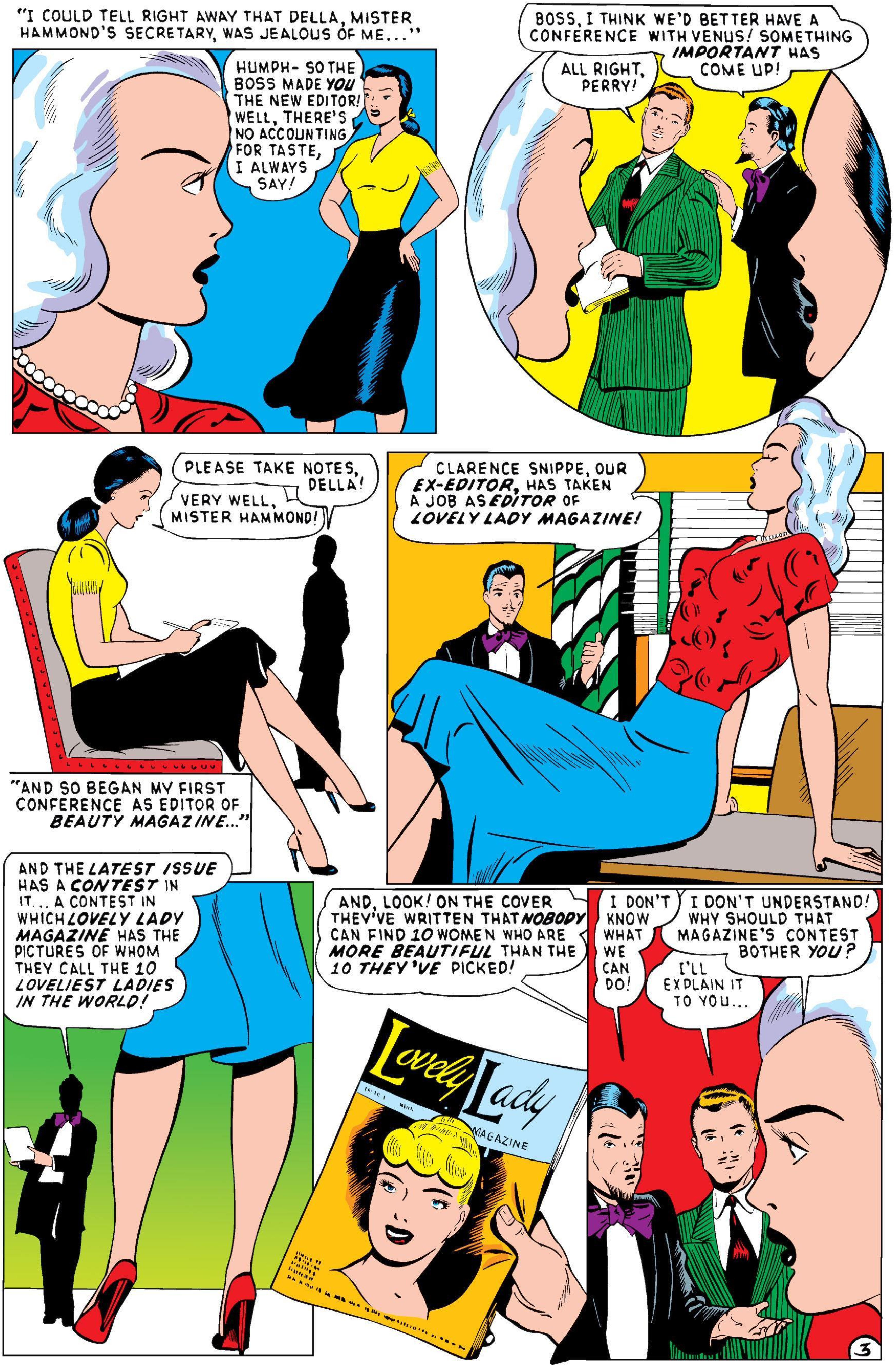
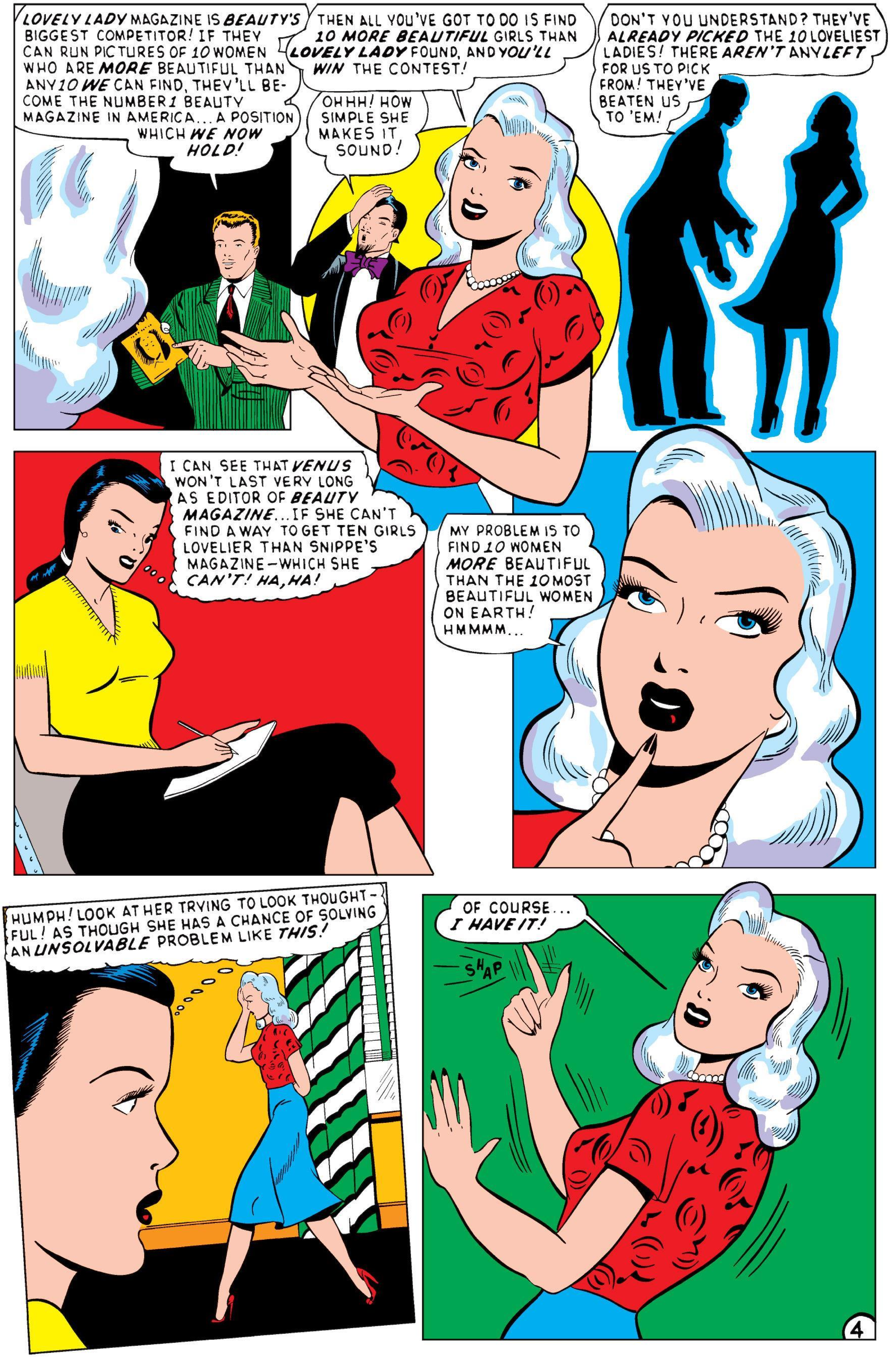
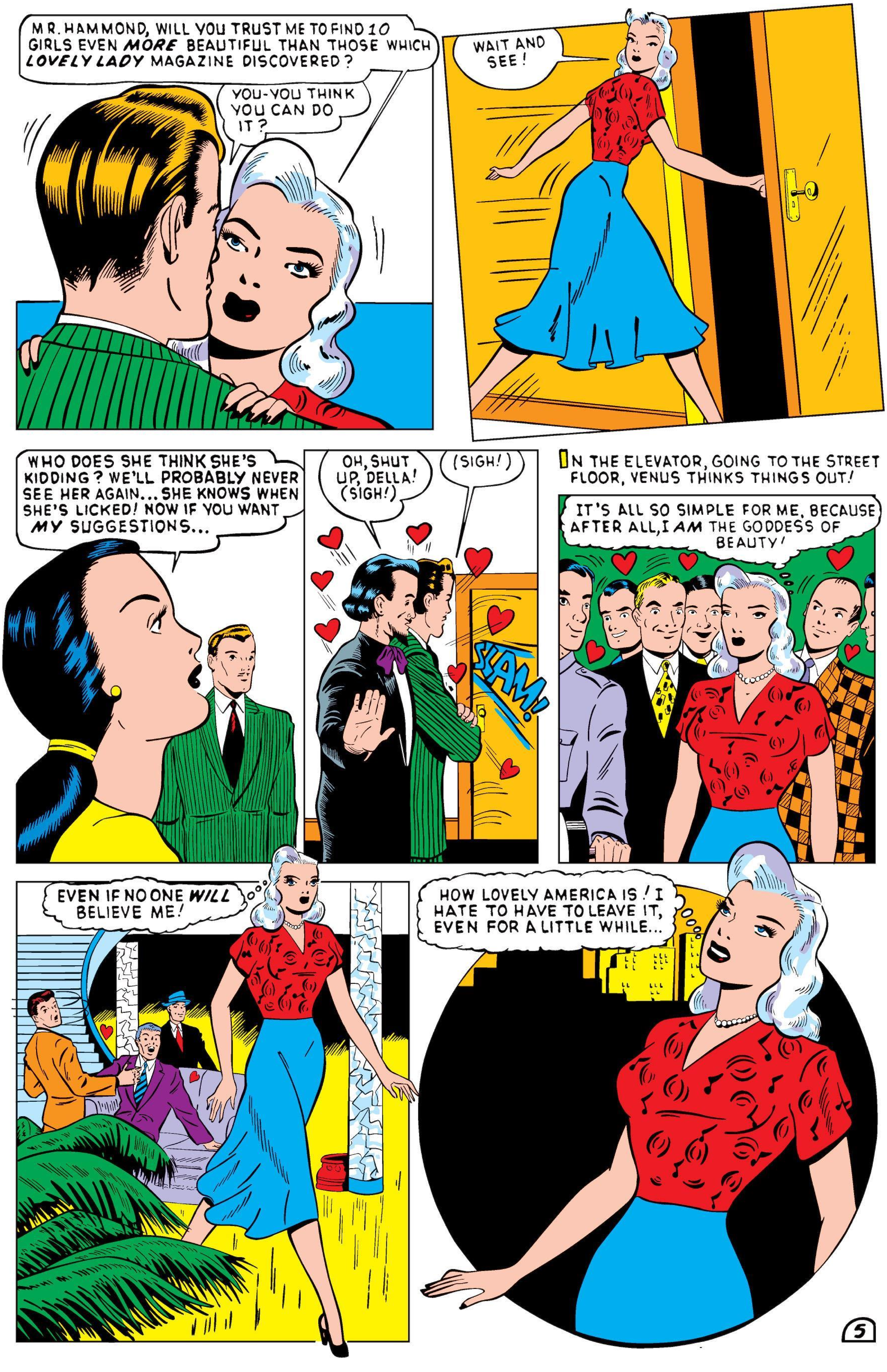
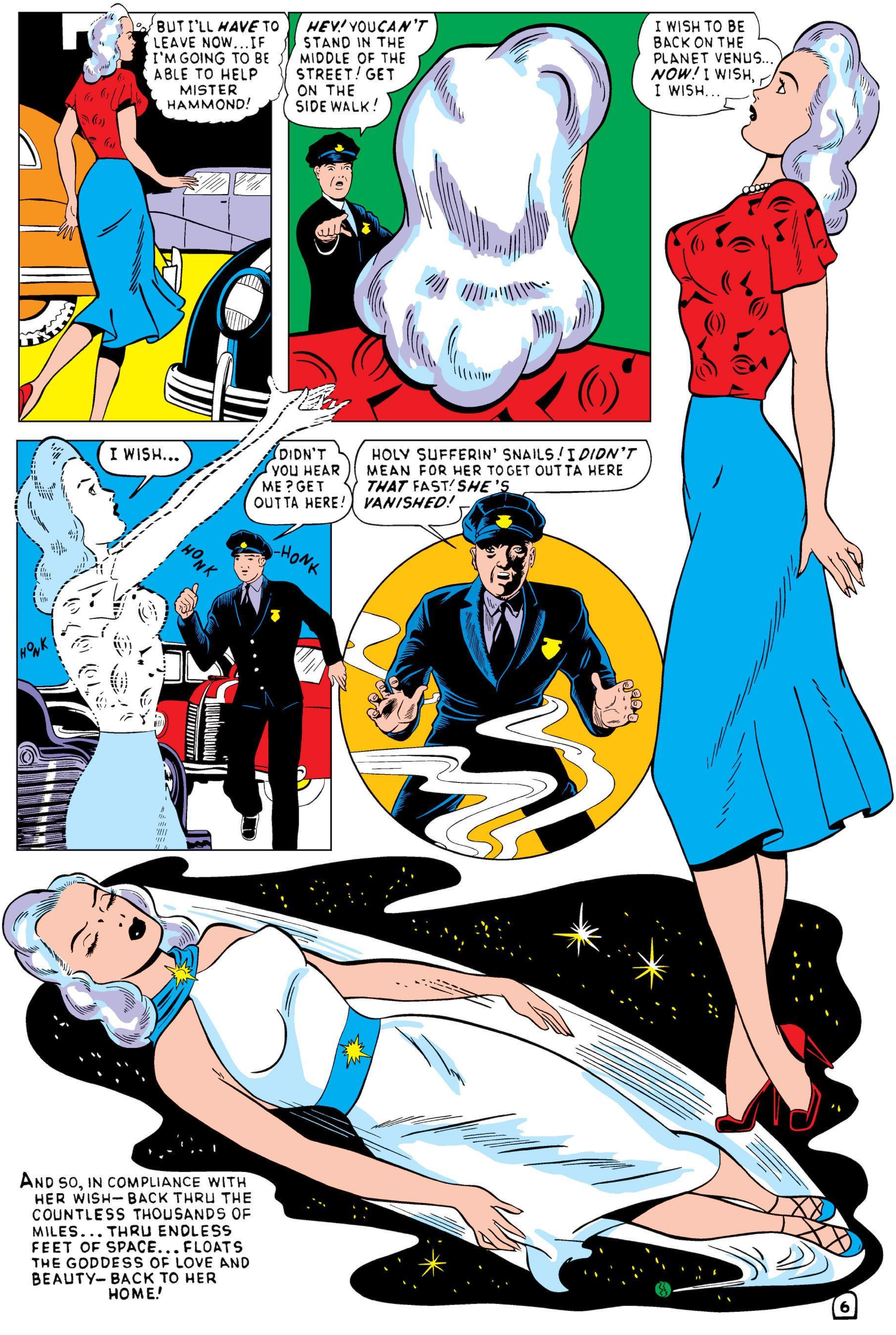
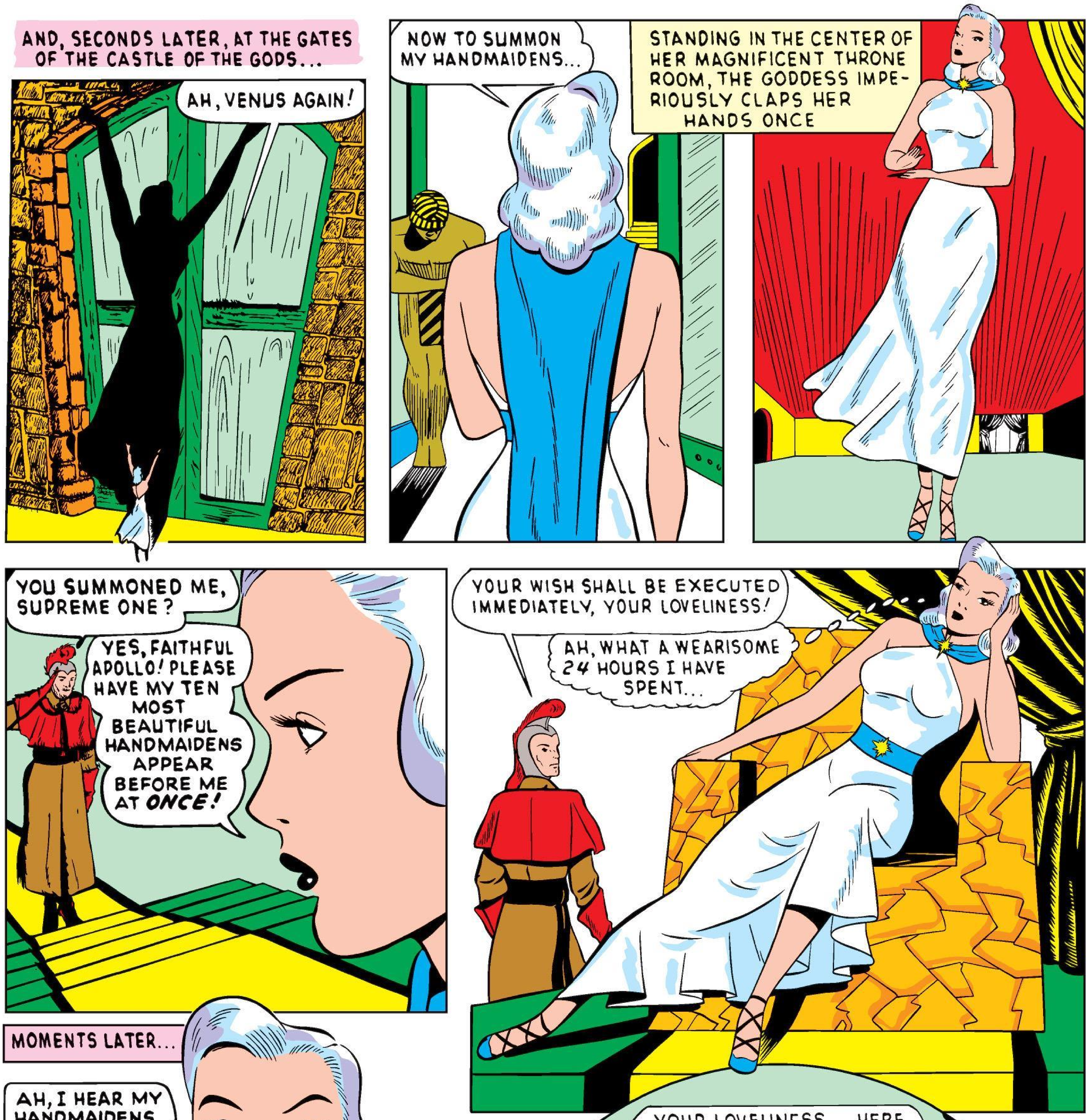

HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE WE CAN SELECT CLOTHES FOR THIS YOUNG LADY AND HAVE THEM ALTERED TO FIT?
HMM, LET ME SEE...
"THE LADY TOOK ALL MY MEASUREMENTS, AND THEN..."
IT'S AMAZING! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
THIS GIRL HAS A *PERFECT* FIGURE! SHE CAN WEAR THIS DRESS WITHOUT ANY ALTERATIONS AT ALL!
"I TRIED ON ONE DRESS AFTER ANOTHER, WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE AT ALL!"
NOW BACK TO THE OFFICE, BEAUTIFUL!
"AND SO, IN JUST ONE HOUR, MISTER HAMMOND HAD ME COMPLETELY OUTFITTED... AND I WAS READY FOR WORK—ALTHOUGH I HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO *DO!*
"MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE OFFICE, DELLA, MR. HAMMOND'S SECRETARY, WAS LETTING OFF STEAM ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT!"
IMAGINE TAKING IN A *STRANGER!* A *NOBODY,* AND MAKING HER *EDITOR!* HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE *ME!*
SHE IS TERRIBLY BEAUTIFUL! (SIGH!)
"AND AT THAT MOMENT..."
HUMPH!
MEET THE NEW EDITOR—*VENUS!*

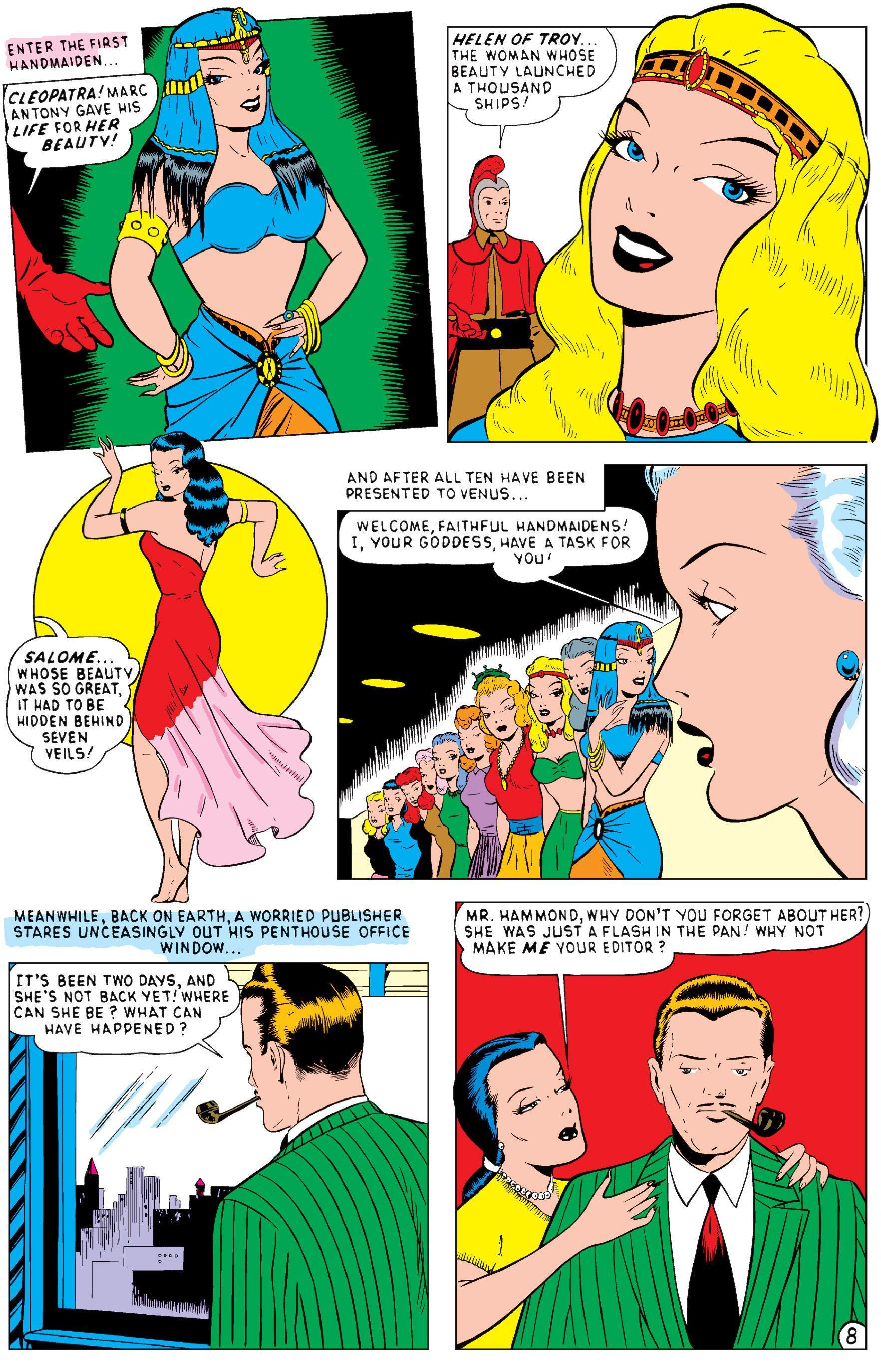

"I COULD TELL RIGHT AWAY THAT DELLA, MISTER HAMMOND'S SECRETARY, WAS JEALOUS OF ME..."
HUMPH- SO THE BOSS MADE *YOU* THE NEW EDITOR! WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE, I ALWAYS SAY!
BOSS, I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A CONFERENCE WITH VENUS! SOMETHING *IMPORTANT* HAS COME UP!
ALL RIGHT, PERRY!
PLEASE TAKE NOTES, DELLA!
VERY WELL, MISTER HAMMOND!
"AND SO BEGAN MY FIRST CONFERENCE AS EDITOR OF *BEAUTY MAGAZINE*..."
CLARENCE SNIPPE, OUR *EX-EDITOR*, HAS TAKEN A JOB AS *EDITOR* OF *LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE!*
AND THE *LATEST ISSUE* HAS A *CONTEST* IN IT... A CONTEST IN WHICH *LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE* HAS THE PICTURES OF WHOM THEY CALL THE 10 *LOVELIEST LADIES IN THE WORLD!*
AND, LOOK! ON THE COVER THEY'VE WRITTEN THAT *NOBODY* CAN FIND 10 WOMEN WHO ARE *MORE BEAUTIFUL* THAN THE *10 THEY'VE* PICKED!
Lovely Lady MAGAZINE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY SHOULD THAT MAGAZINE'S CONTEST BOTHER *YOU*?
I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU...

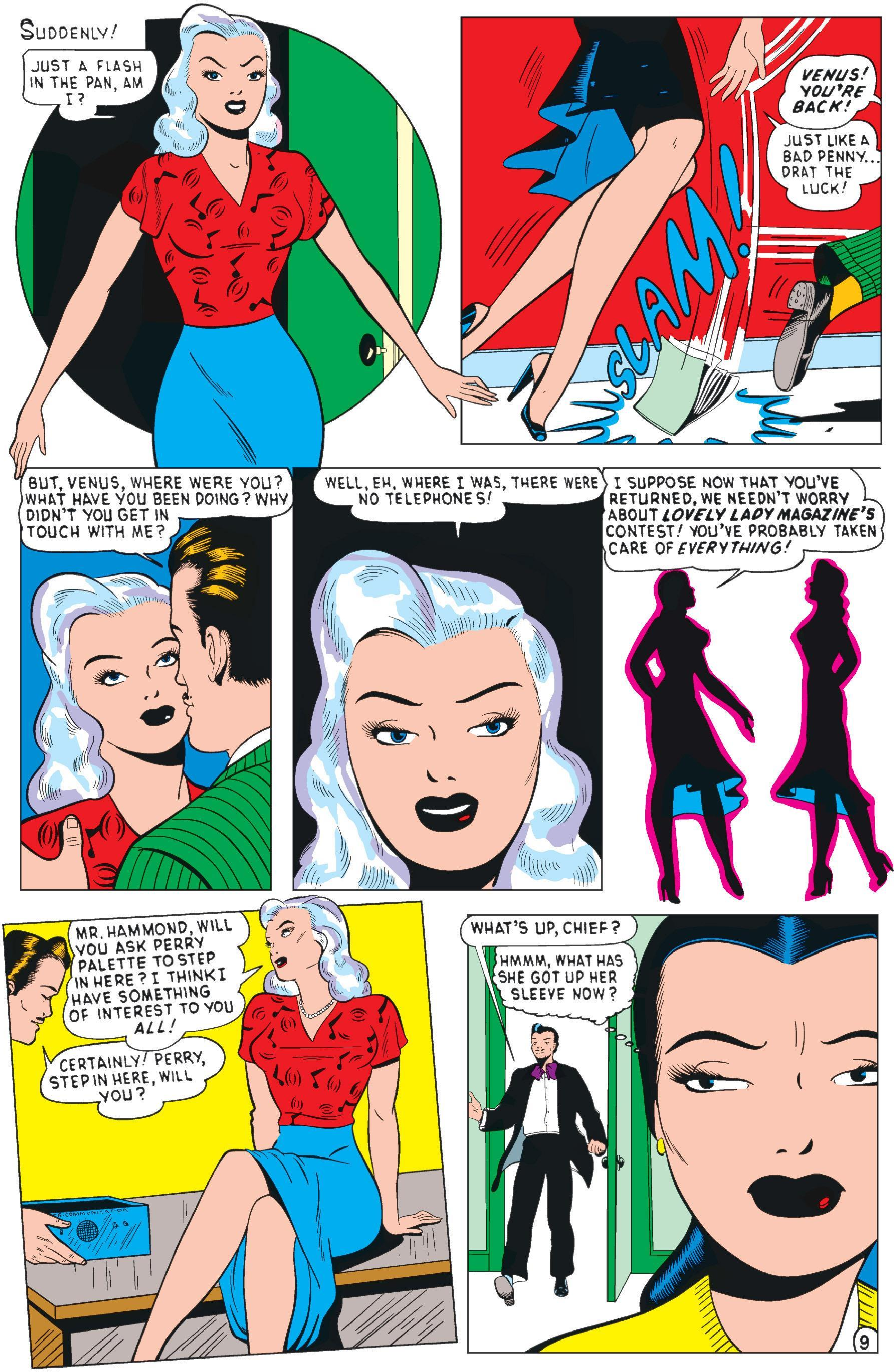

LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE IS BEAUTY'S BIGGEST COMPETITOR! IF THEY CAN RUN PICTURES OF 10 WOMEN WHO ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANY 10 WE CAN FIND, THEY'LL BECOME THE NUMBER 1 BEAUTY MAGAZINE IN AMERICA... A POSITION WHICH WE NOW HOLD!
THEN ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND 10 MORE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THAN LOVELY LADY FOUND, AND YOU'LL WIN THE CONTEST!
OHHH! HOW SIMPLE SHE MAKES IT SOUND!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY'VE ALREADY PICKED THE 10 LOVELIEST LADIES! THERE AREN'T ANY LEFT FOR US TO PICK FROM! THEY'VE BEATEN US TO 'EM!
I CAN SEE THAT VENUS WON'T LAST VERY LONG AS EDITOR OF BEAUTY MAGAZINE... IF SHE CAN'T FIND A WAY TO GET TEN GIRLS LOVELIER THAN SNIPPE'S MAGAZINE—WHICH SHE CAN'T! HA, HA!
MY PROBLEM IS TO FIND 10 WOMEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE 10 MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON EARTH! HMMMM...
HUMPH! LOOK AT HER TRYING TO LOOK THOUGHTFUL! AS THOUGH SHE HAS A CHANCE OF SOLVING AN UNSOLVABLE PROBLEM LIKE THIS!
OF COURSE... I HAVE IT!
SNAP

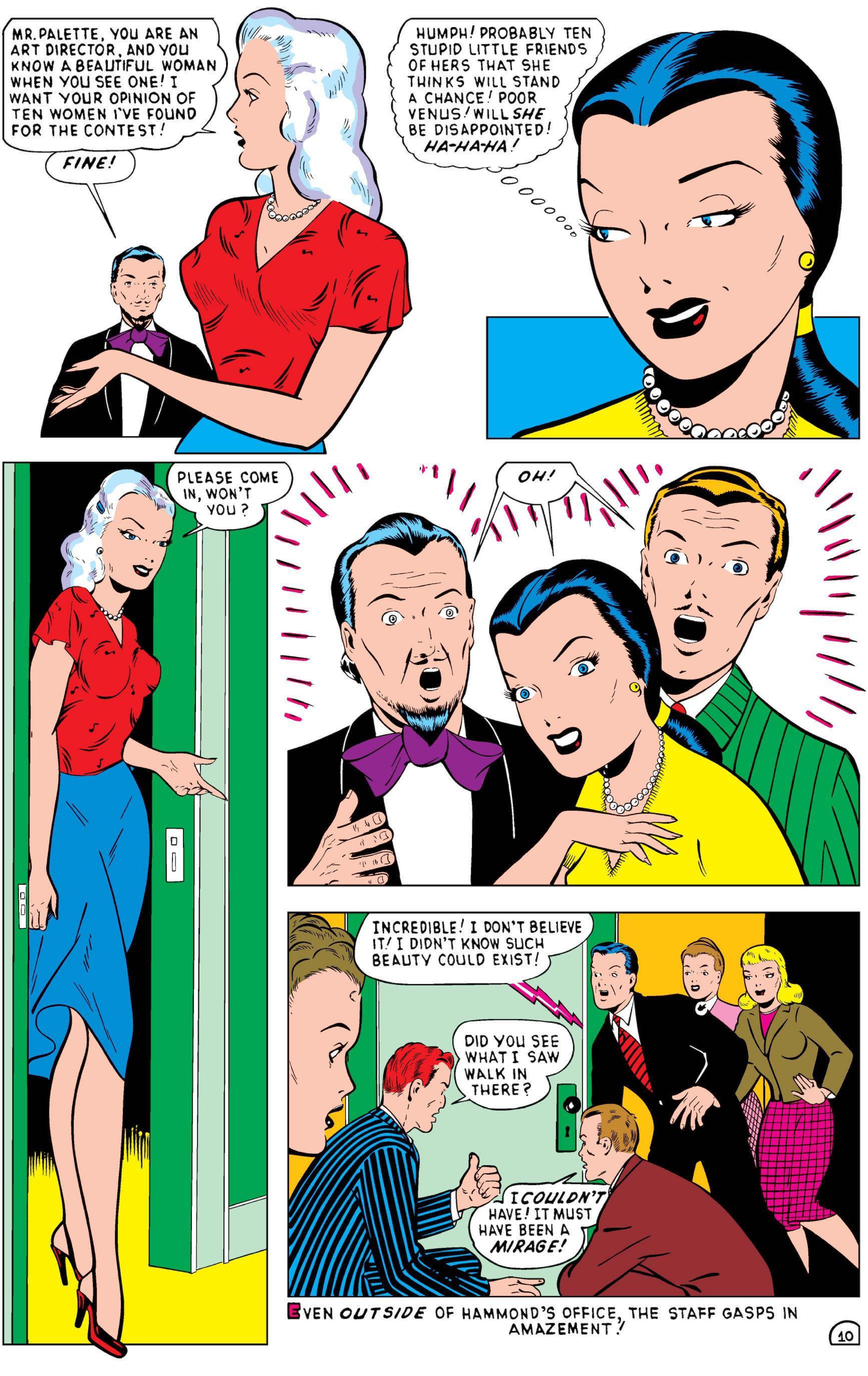

M R. HAMMOND, WILL YOU TRUST ME TO FIND 10 GIRLS EVEN *MORE* BEAUTIFUL THAN THOSE WHICH *LOVELY LADY* MAGAZINE DISCOVERED?
YOU-YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT?
WAIT AND SEE!
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE'S KIDDING? WE'LL **PROBABLY** NEVER SEE HER AGAIN... SHE KNOWS WHEN SHE'S LICKED! NOW IF YOU WANT *MY* SUGGESTIONS...
OH, SHUT UP, DELLA! (SIGH!)
(SIGH!)
SLAM!
IN THE ELEVATOR, GOING TO THE STREET FLOOR, VENUS THINKS THINGS OUT!
IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE FOR ME, BECAUSE AFTER ALL, I *AM* THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY!
EVEN IF NO ONE *WILL* BELIEVE ME!
HOW LOVELY AMERICA IS! I HATE TO HAVE TO LEAVE IT, EVEN FOR A LITTLE WHILE...

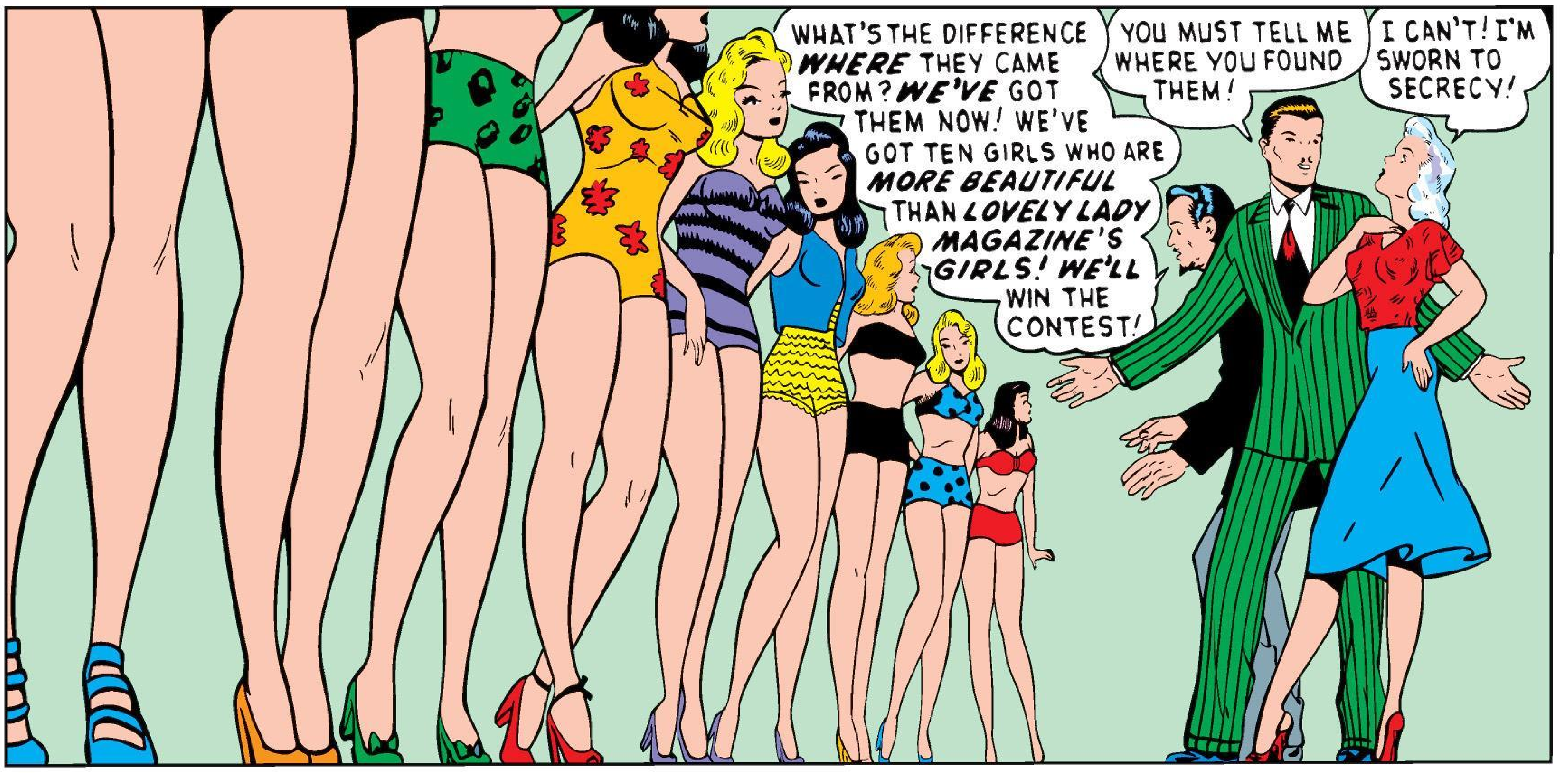

BUT I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW...IF I'M GOING TO BE ABLE TO HELP MISTER HAMMOND!
HEY! YOU CAN'T STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET! GET ON THE SIDEWALK!
I WISH TO BE BACK ON THE PLANET VENUS... NOW! I WISH, I WISH...
I WISH...
HONK
HONK
HONK
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? GET OUTTA HERE!
HOLY SUFFERIN' SNAILS! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR HER TO GET OUTTA HERE THAT FAST! SHE'S VANISHED!
AND SO, IN COMPLIANCE WITH HER WISH— BACK THRU THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF MILES... THRU ENDLESS FEET OF SPACE... FLOATS THE GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY— BACK TO HER HOME!


AND, SECONDS LATER, AT THE GATES OF THE CASTLE OF THE GODS...
AH, VENUS AGAIN!
NOW TO SUMMON MY HANDMAIDENS...
STANDING IN THE CENTER OF HER MAGNIFICENT THRONE ROOM, THE GODDESS IMPERIOUSLY CLAPS HER HANDS ONCE
YOU SUMMONED ME, SUPREME ONE?
YES, FAITHFUL APOLLO! PLEASE HAVE MY TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL HANDMAIDENS APPEAR BEFORE ME AT ONCE!
YOUR WISH SHALL BE EXECUTED IMMEDIATELY, YOUR LOVELINESS!
AH, WHAT A WEARISOME 24 HOURS I HAVE SPENT...
MOMENTS LATER...
AH, I HEAR MY HANDMAIDENS APPROACHING!
YOUR LOVELINESS... HERE ARE YOUR HANDMAIDENS!

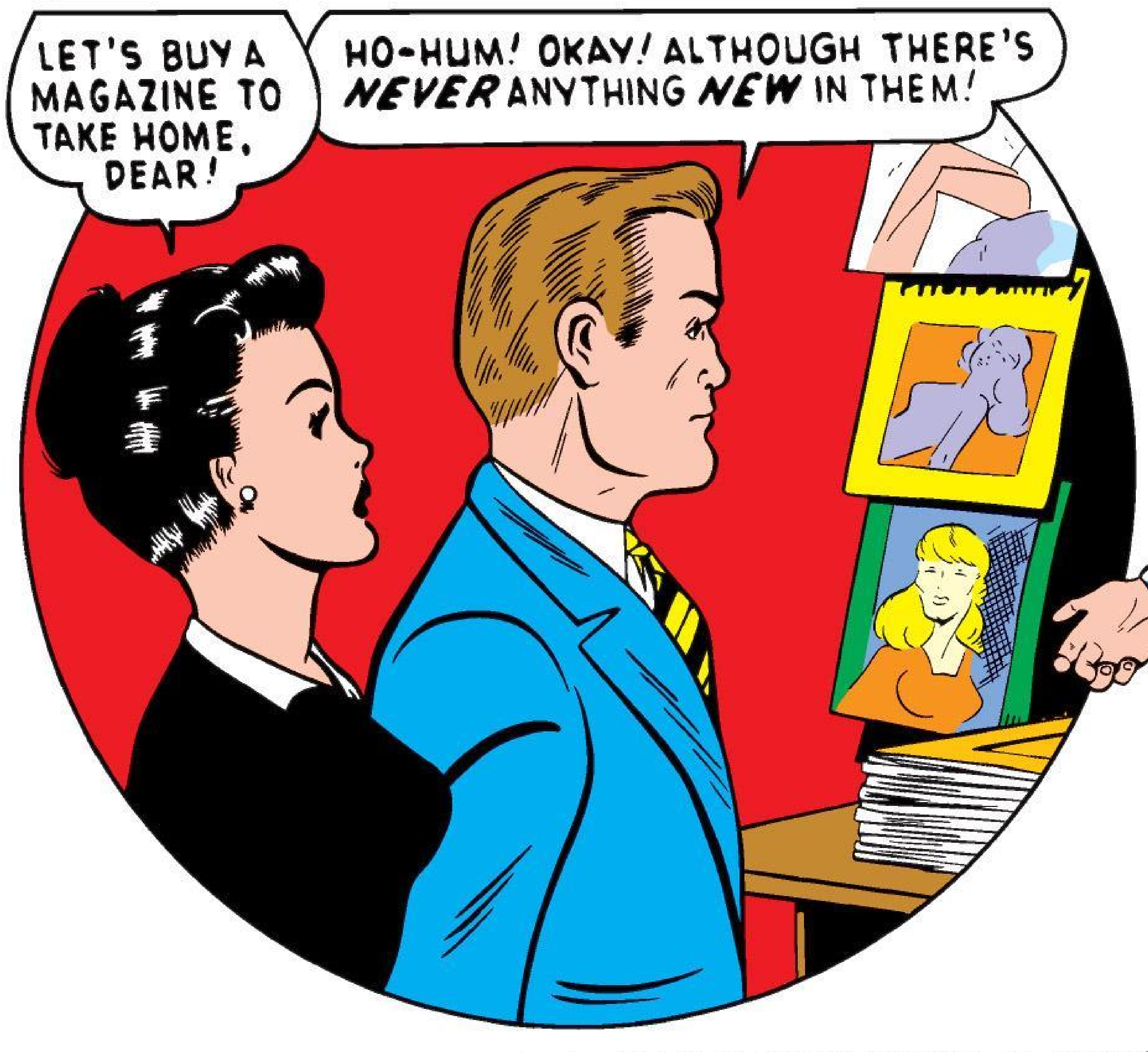

ENTER THE FIRST HANDMAIDEN...
CLEOPATRA! MARC ANTONY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HER BEAUTY!
HELEN OF TROY... THE WOMAN WHOSE BEAUTY LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS!
SALOME... WHOSE BEAUTY WAS SO GREAT, IT HAD TO BE HIDDEN BEHIND SEVEN VEILS!
AND AFTER ALL TEN HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO VENUS...
WELCOME, FAITHFUL HANDMAIDENS! I, YOUR GODDESS, HAVE A TASK FOR YOU!
MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH, A WORRIED PUBLISHER STARES UNCEASINGLY OUT HIS PENTHOUSE OFFICE WINDOW...
IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS, AND SHE'S NOT BACK YET! WHERE CAN SHE BE? WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED?
MR. HAMMOND, WHY DON'T YOU FORGET ABOUT HER? SHE WAS JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN! WHY NOT MAKE ME YOUR EDITOR?

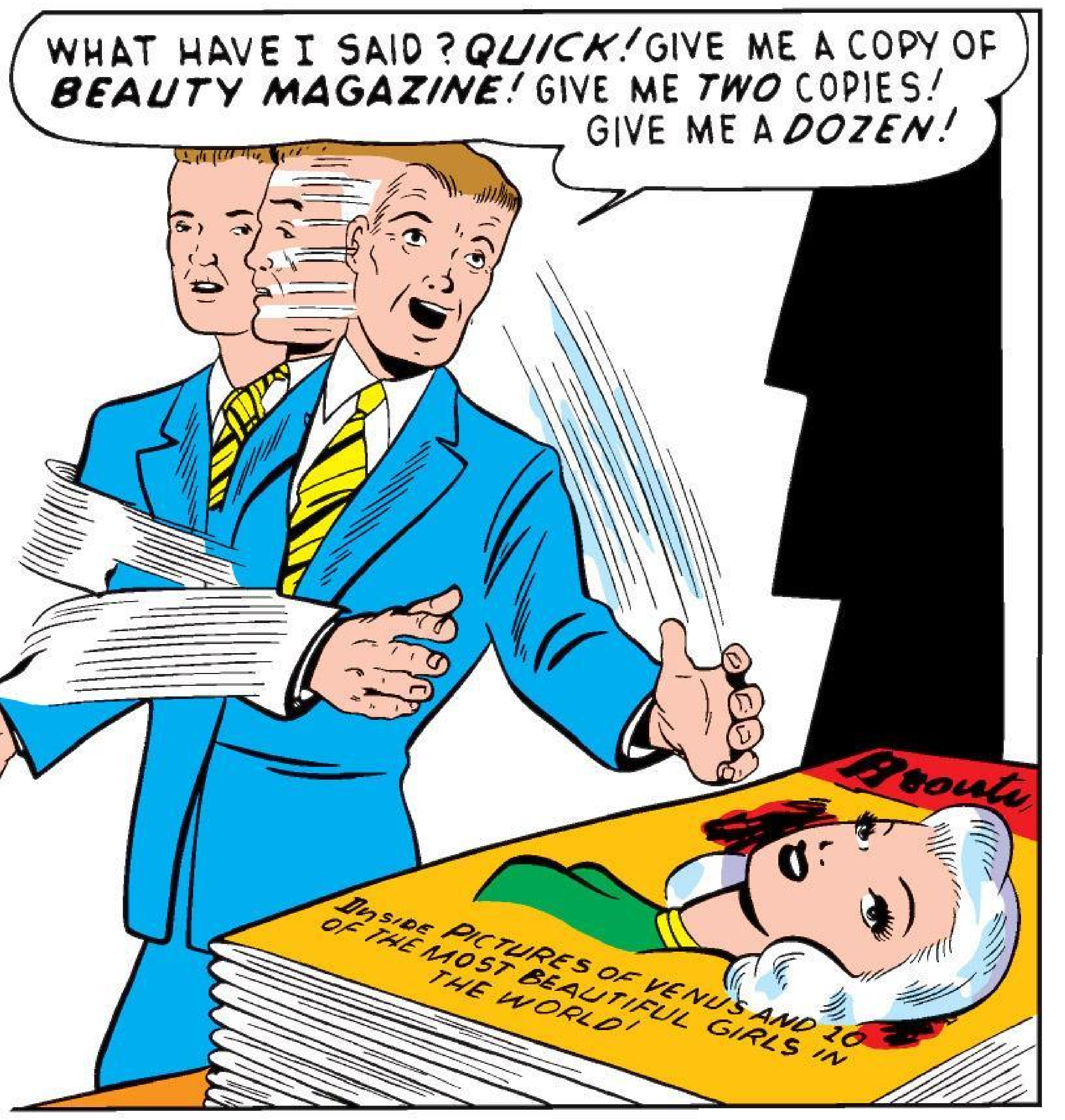

SUDDENLY!
JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN, AM I?
VENUS! YOU'RE BACK!
JUST LIKE A BAD PENNY... DRAT THE LUCK!
SLAM!
BUT, VENUS, WHERE WERE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING? WHY DIDN'T YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH ME?
WELL, EH, WHERE I WAS, THERE WERE NO TELEPHONES!
I SUPPOSE NOW THAT YOU'VE RETURNED, WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE'S CONTEST! YOU'VE PROBABLY TAKEN CARE OF EVERYTHING!
MR. HAMMOND, WILL YOU ASK PERRY PALETTE TO STEP IN HERE? I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO YOU ALL!
CERTAINLY! PERRY, STEP IN HERE, WILL YOU?
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
HMMM, WHAT HAS SHE GOT UP HER SLEEVE NOW?


MR. PALETTE, YOU ARE AN ART DIRECTOR, AND YOU KNOW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHEN YOU SEE ONE! I WANT YOUR OPINION OF TEN WOMEN I'VE FOUND FOR THE CONTEST!
FINE!
HUMPH! PROBABLY TEN STUPID LITTLE FRIENDS OF HERS THAT SHE THINKS WILL STAND A CHANCE! POOR VENUS! WILL *SHE* BE DISAPPOINTED! *HA-HA-HA!*
PLEASE COME IN, WON'T YOU?
OH!
INCREDIBLE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DIDN'T KNOW SUCH BEAUTY COULD EXIST!
DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW WALK IN THERE?
I COULDN'T HAVE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A *MIRAGE!*
EVEN *OUTSIDE* OF HAMMOND'S OFFICE, THE STAFF GASPS IN AMAZEMENT!

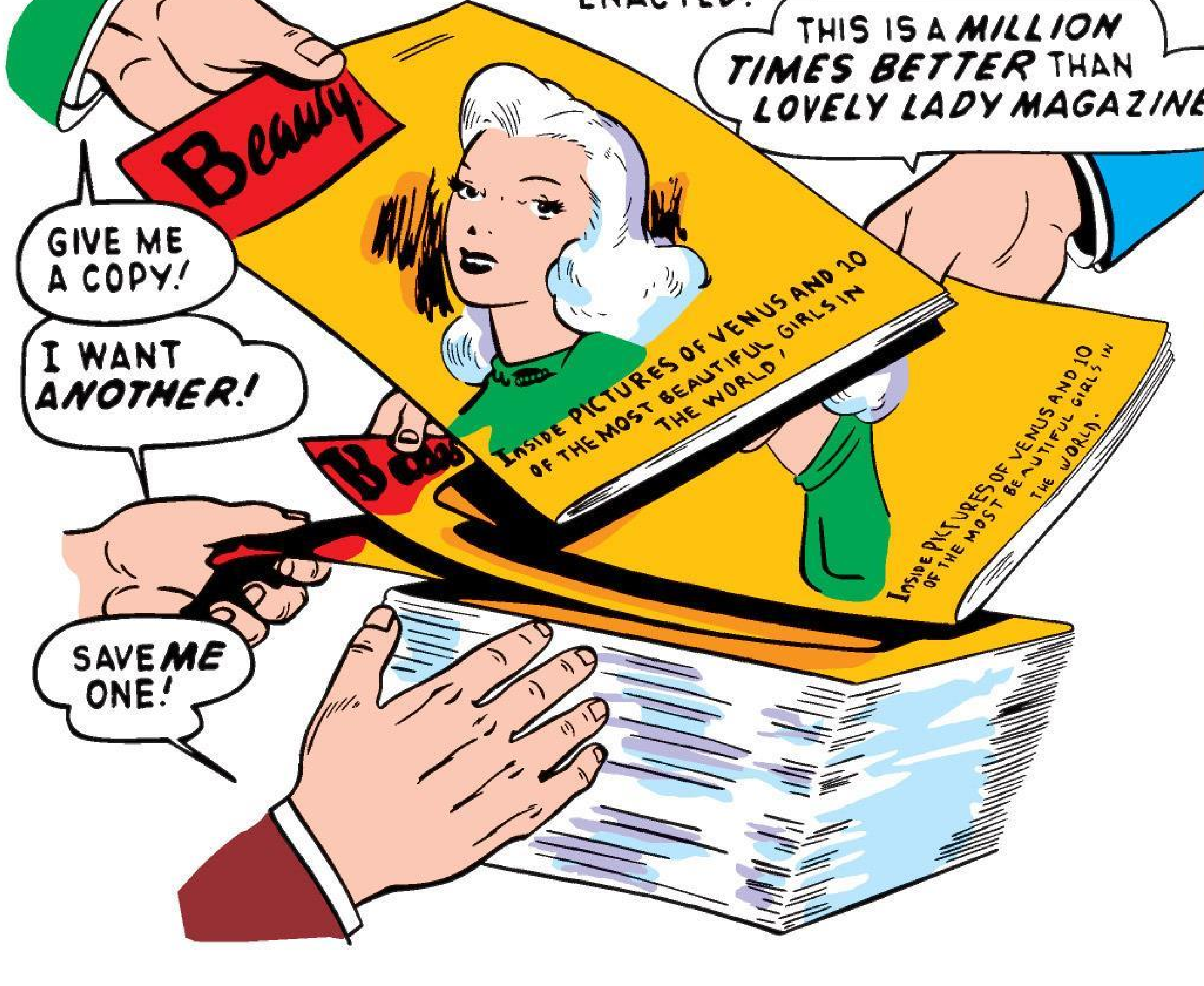

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE **WHERE** THEY CAME FROM? **WE'VE** GOT THEM NOW! WE'VE GOT TEN GIRLS WHO ARE **MORE BEAUTIFUL** THAN **LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE'S GIRLS! WE'LL** WIN THE CONTEST!
YOU MUST TELL ME WHERE YOU FOUND THEM!
I CAN'T! I'M SWORN TO SECRECY!

A WEEK LATER, ANY STREET, IN ANY TOWN...

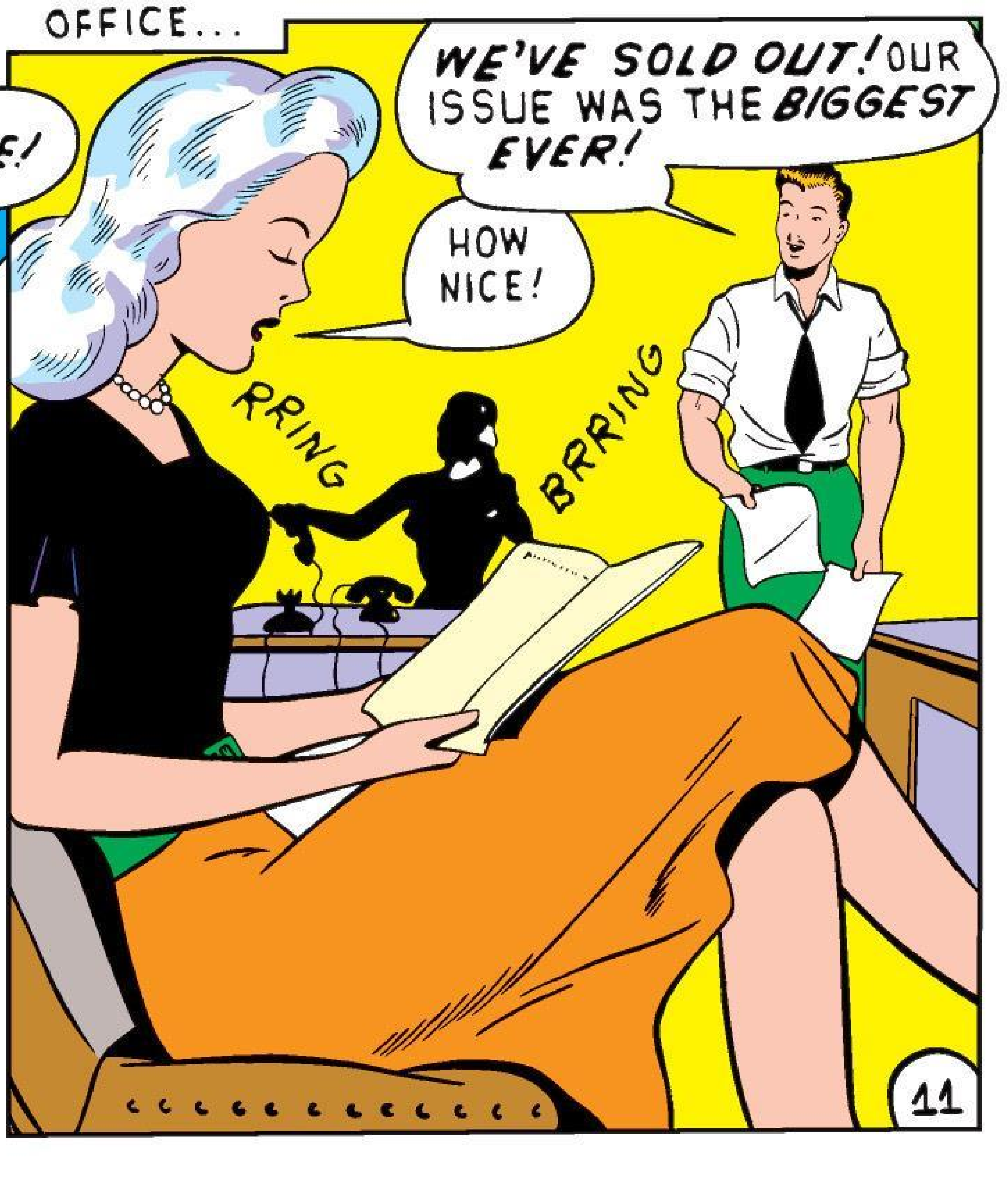

LET'S BUY A MAGAZINE TO TAKE HOME, DEAR!
HO-HUM! OKAY! ALTHOUGH THERE'S **NEVER** ANYTHING **NEW** IN THEM!

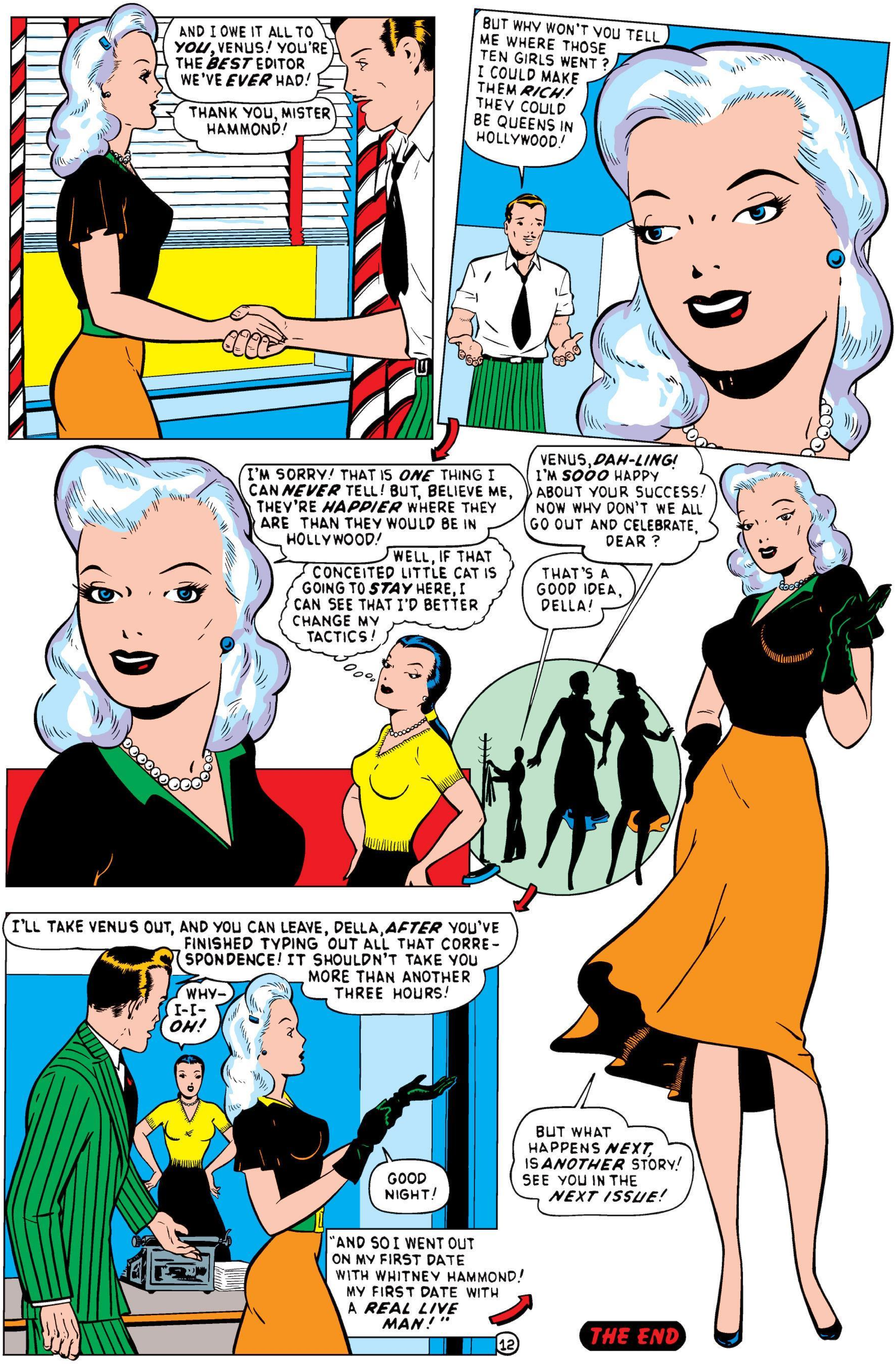

WHAT HAVE I SAID? **QUICK!** GIVE ME A COPY OF **BEAUTY MAGAZINE!** GIVE ME **TWO** COPIES! GIVE ME A **DOZEN!**
Beauty
INSIDE PICTURES OF VENUS AND 10 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD!

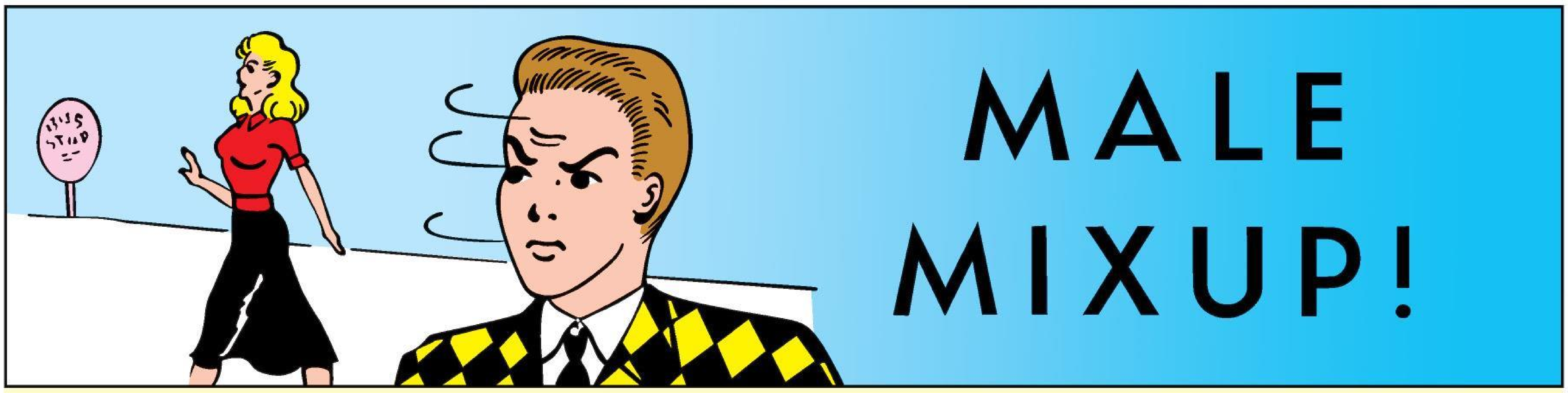
AND SO, ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, THE SAME SCENE IS BEING ENACTED!


THIS IS A **MILLION TIMES BETTER** THAN **LOVELY LADY MAGAZINE!**
Beauty
INSIDE PICTURES OF VENUS AND 10 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD!
GIVE ME A COPY!
I WANT **ANOTHER!**
SAVE **ME** ONE!

AND FINALLY, BACK IN WHITNEY P. HAMMOND'S OFFICE...


WE'VE SOLD OUT! OUR ISSUE WAS THE **BIGGEST EVER!**
HOW NICE!
RRING
BRRING


AND I OWE IT ALL TO *YOU*, VENUS! YOU'RE THE *BEST* EDITOR WE'VE *EVER* HAD!
THANK YOU, MISTER HAMMOND!
BUT WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME WHERE THOSE TEN GIRLS WENT? I COULD MAKE THEM *RICH!* THEY COULD BE QUEENS IN HOLLYWOOD!
I'M SORRY! THAT IS *ONE* THING I CAN *NEVER* TELL! BUT, BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE *HAPPIER* WHERE THEY ARE THAN THEY WOULD BE IN HOLLYWOOD!
WELL, IF THAT CONCEITED LITTLE CAT IS GOING TO *STAY* HERE, I CAN SEE THAT I'D BETTER CHANGE MY TACTICS!
VENUS, *DAH-LING!* I'M *SOOO* HAPPY ABOUT YOUR SUCCESS! NOW WHY DON'T WE ALL GO OUT AND CELEBRATE, DEAR?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, DELLA!
I'LL TAKE VENUS OUT, AND YOU CAN LEAVE, DELLA, *AFTER* YOU'VE FINISHED TYPING OUT ALL THAT CORRESPONDENCE! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU MORE THAN ANOTHER THREE HOURS!
WHY-I-I-*OH!*
GOOD NIGHT!
"AND SO I WENT OUT ON MY FIRST DATE WITH WHITNEY HAMMOND! MY FIRST DATE WITH A *REAL LIVE MAN!*"
BUT WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT*, IS *ANOTHER* STORY! SEE YOU IN THE *NEXT ISSUE!*
THE END



MALE MIXUP!

LIKE oil and water, she and I just didn't mix. Some new kids fall into your groove from the word *go*, and some stay a little off the beam. Well, as far as I was concerned, Susie Latimer couldn't even *see* the beam—that's how far off she was!

Not that she was any sad sack: the gal had puh-lenty—slick clothes, a peppy hep line with the fellas, and a smooth, scrubbed look about her. The funny thing was, she seemed to like most everybody but me—and most everybody liked her! Just call me Poison Evie!

Evaline Cramer's the name, but nobody goes for that Evaline stuff, natch. Just plain Evie, that's me. And there wasn't anybody around school who didn't know me, because I'd always stood in solid with the gang. So when Susie first joined the class, of course I thought she'd be a pal. But after the first couple of days, she just steered clear of me! Acted as though I wasn't worth even a friendly word with Her Highness!

"What gives with that new kid?" I said to Davey indignantly one night at the local juke joint. It was Saturday, and the whole crowd was there—and Susie had just snubbed me again.

Davey grinned, and patted me on the head. His name is William David Jennings, but I like "Davey" better than "Bill," so I called it from the middle.

"Honeychile," Davey said, "maybe this is one gal you just don't rate with!"

Well, you know how it is when somebody doesn't like you? First you try to figure out why, then you decide you don't care two cents—then you tell yourself you don't like her either. And you think up more and more reasons for not liking her. That's the way it was with Susie. I typed her as mean and snooty and underhanded and a couple dozen more of the same.

Then, for a couple of days I forgot her. That was when the school contests came up, where you vote for "Most Popular Girl," "Most Likely To Succeed," etc. Everybody told me I was a cinch for "Most Popular," and I went around feeling all super and yet jittery inside, because I wanted so much for the crowd to like me enough to vote me in, and at the same time I kept telling myself. "Why *you*, for pete's sake?"

Then, as the voting day for the contests got closer, Susie kept popping into my mind. The way I looked at it, that kid would have dropped dead sooner than let me win a popularity contest!

Then, to make everything worse, my fresh little boy cousin, who's three years younger than I am, blew in from Jersey to spend the week end with us, and Mother said I had to break my regular Saturday night rugcut with Davey to take the little monster to the movies.

Well, it was Saturday afternoon and I knew Davey wouldn't be home, so I phoned school, because a lot of the kids practice sports there Saturdays.

Worse luck, I got Susie Latimer on the phone! "Hello," I said as politely as I could. "This is Evie. If Davey's there, would you mind giving him a message?"

I thought she hesitated for a minute. Then, in a voice that would have chilled Greenland's sturdiest penguin, she said, "All right, I'll take the message."

"Just tell him I'm sorry I can't go out tonight my cousin's in town," I told her briefly. Then I hung up.

I suffered through the movie with the small fry, and walked home by myself while he had a soda with some other kids his age—then, as I reached the house, I just stood and gaped! Davey was standing on the front porch—and he looked like chewing nails!

"What's got you?" I gasped, as he glared at me.

Davey was sore, but plenty—and at me! "All I'm here to tell you is this, dreamboat—you'll never get the chance to stand me up again!" Then he started to stride away!

"Hey, now listen!" I said, trotting after him. "Can I help it if the family curse lights on us for the week end?"

He turned around and faced me furiously. "I wouldn't have minded if you'd phoned . . ." he said.

I stared like a myopic Pekingese. "But didn't you get my message? Didn't Susie tell you I called?"

"Look," Dave said sarcastically, "I know you don't like Susie, but you don't have to be catty about it—putting the blame on somebody else. She was around school all afternoon, and so was I, and *she didn't mention any message!*"

"But . . .!"

"Another thing," he went on furiously, "while I was waiting here, cooling my heels, some guy came for you looking just as mad as I was. He didn't explain to me, but he went away when I told him there was nobody home." Dave's face was getting madder and madder. "What'd you do, slick chick? Ditch both of us to go out with a third guy?"

I wailed, "Dave, none of this is my fault! My little cousin . . ."

Dave laughed shortly, and looked all around meaningly. "Yeah, your cousin. Did you drown him, or give him away?"

Then he walked off down the street! I couldn't figure anything—most of all, I couldn't guess who the other guy had been!

I didn't find out till the next morning, when the doorbell rang right after breakfast. There was a big blond boy standing there. I didn't know his name, but I had seen Susie out with him a couple of times. Generally he looked pretty nice—but now those blue eyes of his were throwing daggers at me!

"Okay, give out," I said wearily. "What's *your* beef?"

"I came last night to get it straightened out," he said, glaring just the way Dave had glared. "But you weren't home. You'll have to tell Susie you didn't mean that—about having a date with me! Now don't deny it! On the phone you told her to tell me you couldn't make it last night—just as though I had a date with you! And all the time, *I had a date with her!* She thinks I was planning to stand her up! She won't speak to me!"

Now, at last, I understood the whole thing! Blood boiled up in me like steam in a kettle!

So this was how Susie had decided to ruin my chances for the popularity contest! Lie to one boy about me, and skip saying anything to the other boy! Then, when it got all over school what a rat I was, I wouldn't have a prayer in the finals!

I left the blond boy standing right where he was on my doorstep, and raged over to Susie's house! The minute she opened the door, I laid her out flat! I accused her of disliking me for no reason, right from the start, and making all this trouble for me on purpose!

But finally her eyes brightened with anger, and she cut in, "Listen, Evie, I did just what you told me! Only *my* date's name happens to be Dave, too, and I thought he was the one you meant! How was I supposed to know that you called William David Jennings "Dave"—*when everybody else calls him Bill?*"

I opened my mouth—and then closed it again, flabbergasted. Susie was a new girl. Of course she wouldn't know! The only crime the poor kid had committed was in doing just what she thought I had told her to do! And she had assumed I was cutting in on her guy!

"Susie," I said, "I . . . I'm sorry, and . . ."

"And I *never* disliked you!" Susie plunged on, her eyes filling with tears. "I was j-just shy of you—because I was new around here, and you were a big shot—*the most popular girl!*"

Believe me, at that minute, I sure didn't think I deserved to be popular. But apparently the kids disagreed with me, because I was elected all right—and they elected Susie as "Nicest New Girl!"

(Want to know a secret? She got my vote!)

THE END

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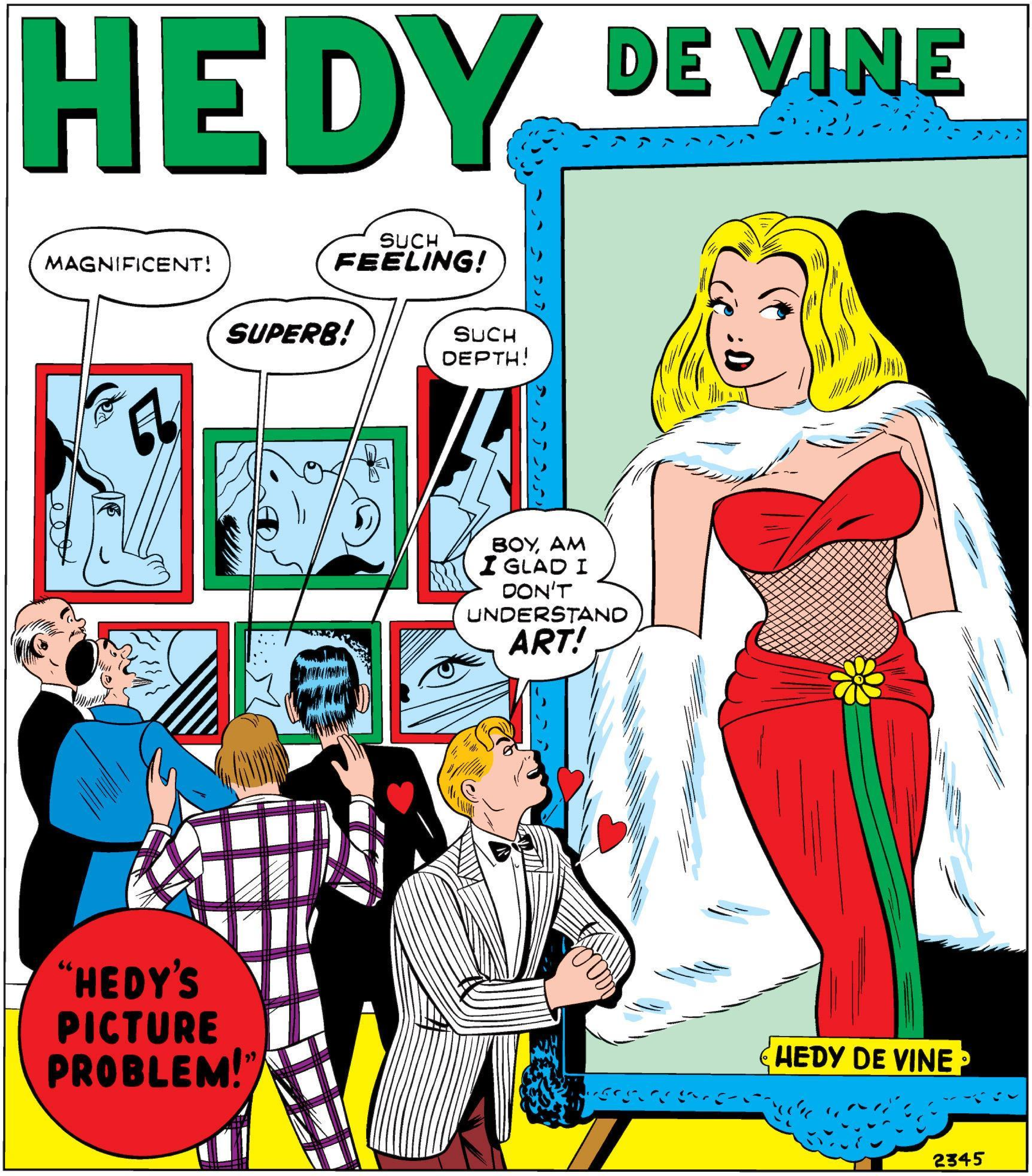
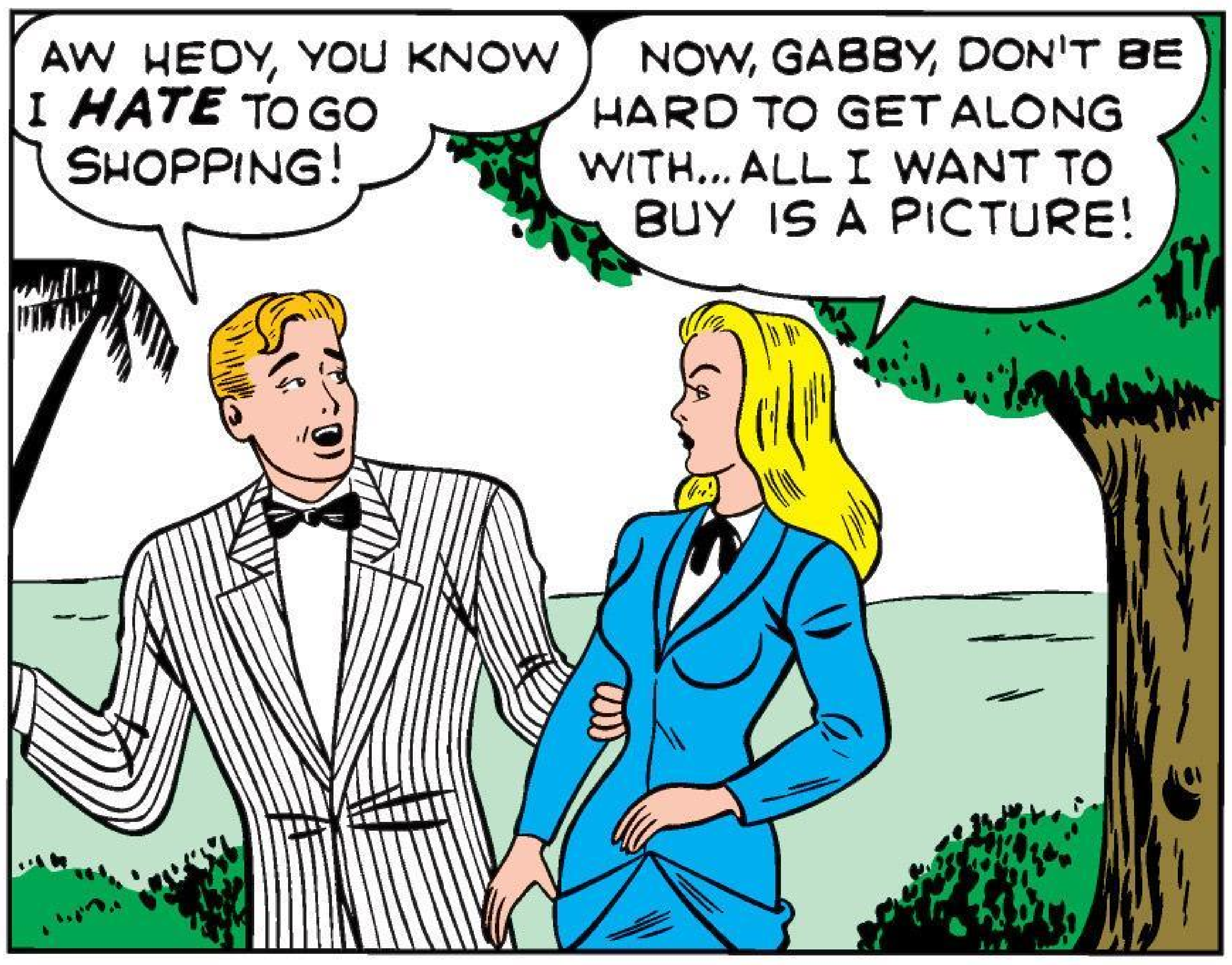
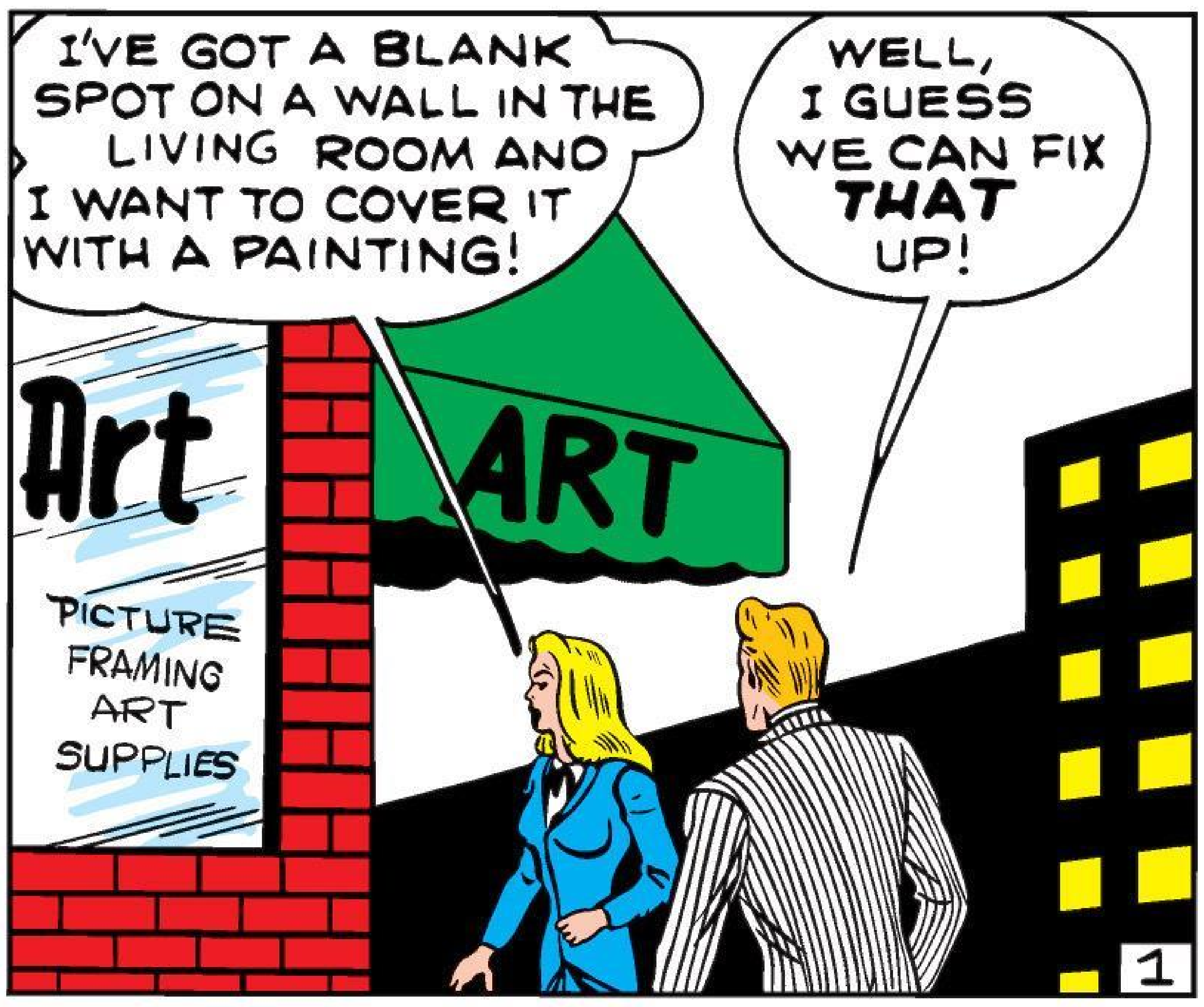
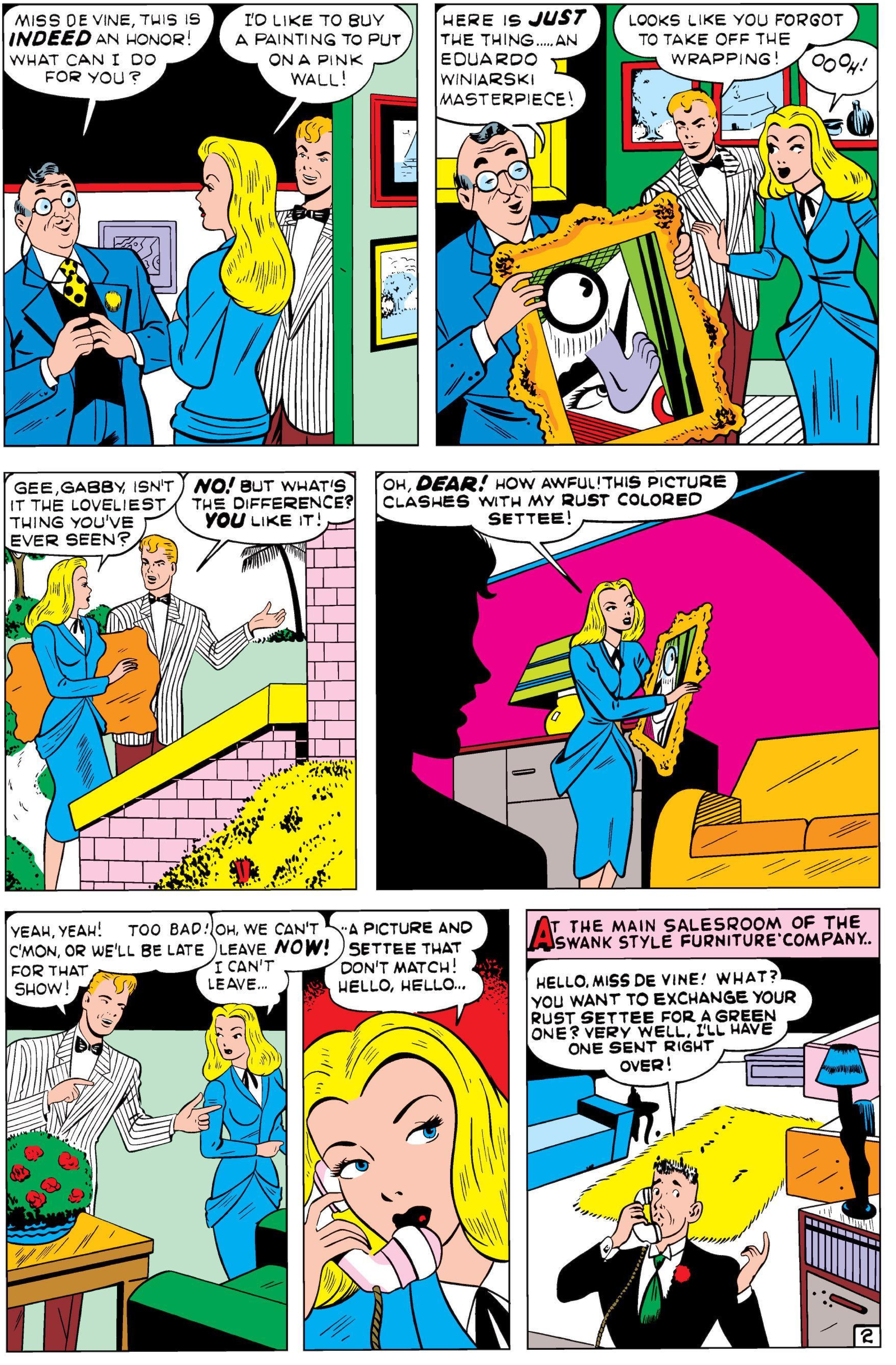
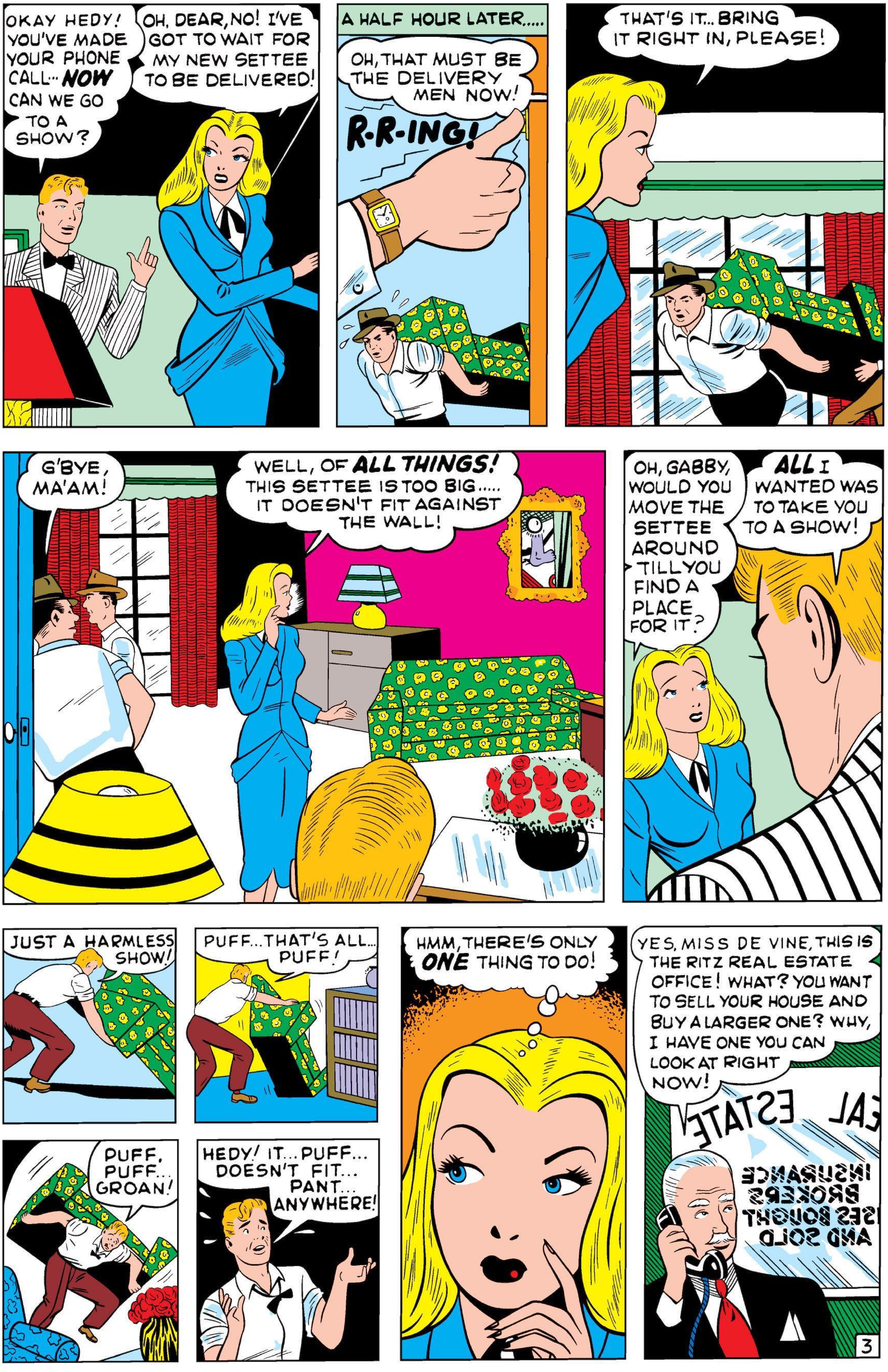
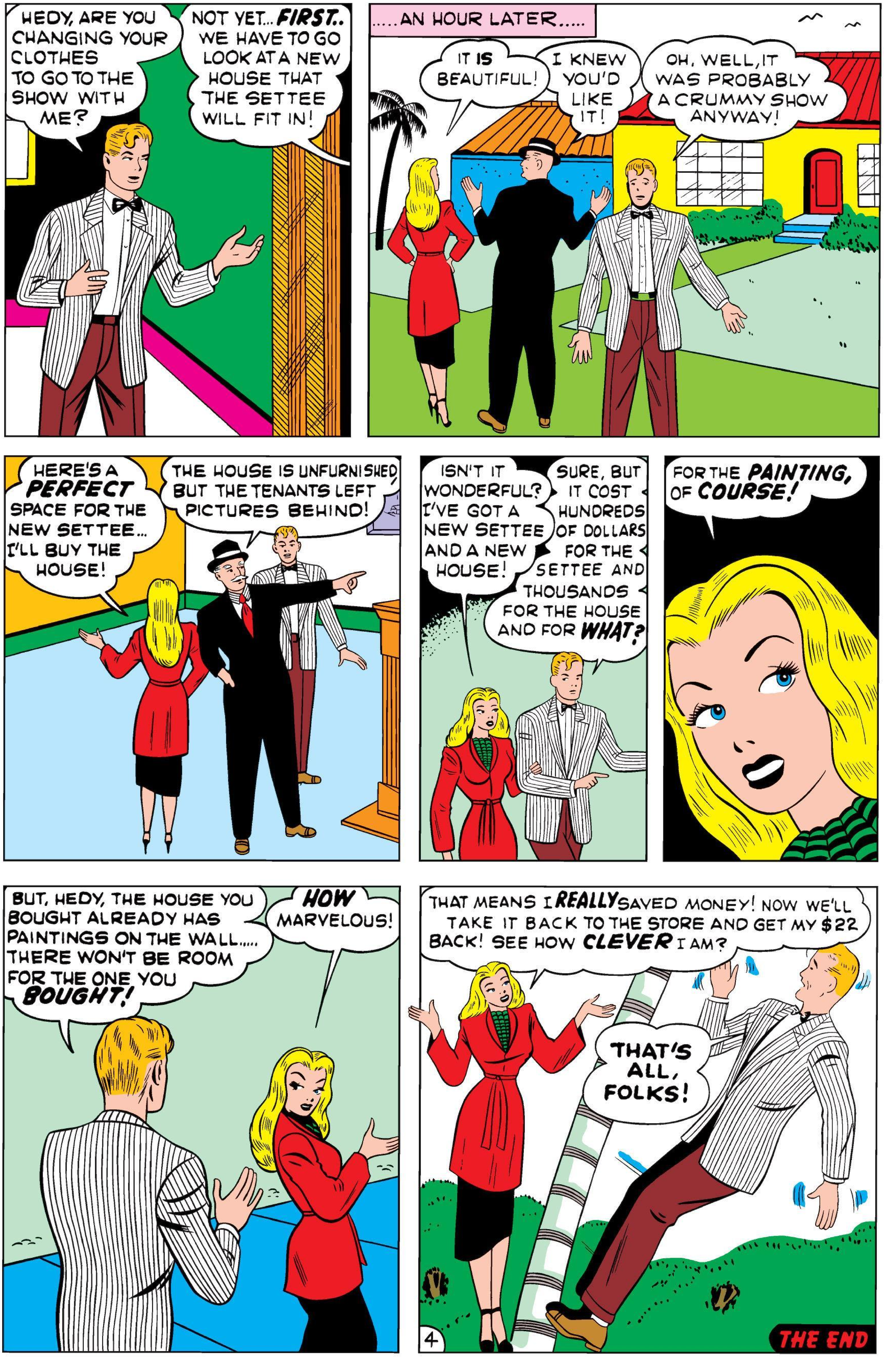

HEDY DE VINE
MAGNIFICENT!
SUCH FEELING!
SUPERB!
SUCH DEPTH!
BOY, AM I GLAD I DON'T UNDERSTAND ART!
"HEDY'S PICTURE PROBLEM!"
HEDY DE VINE
2345

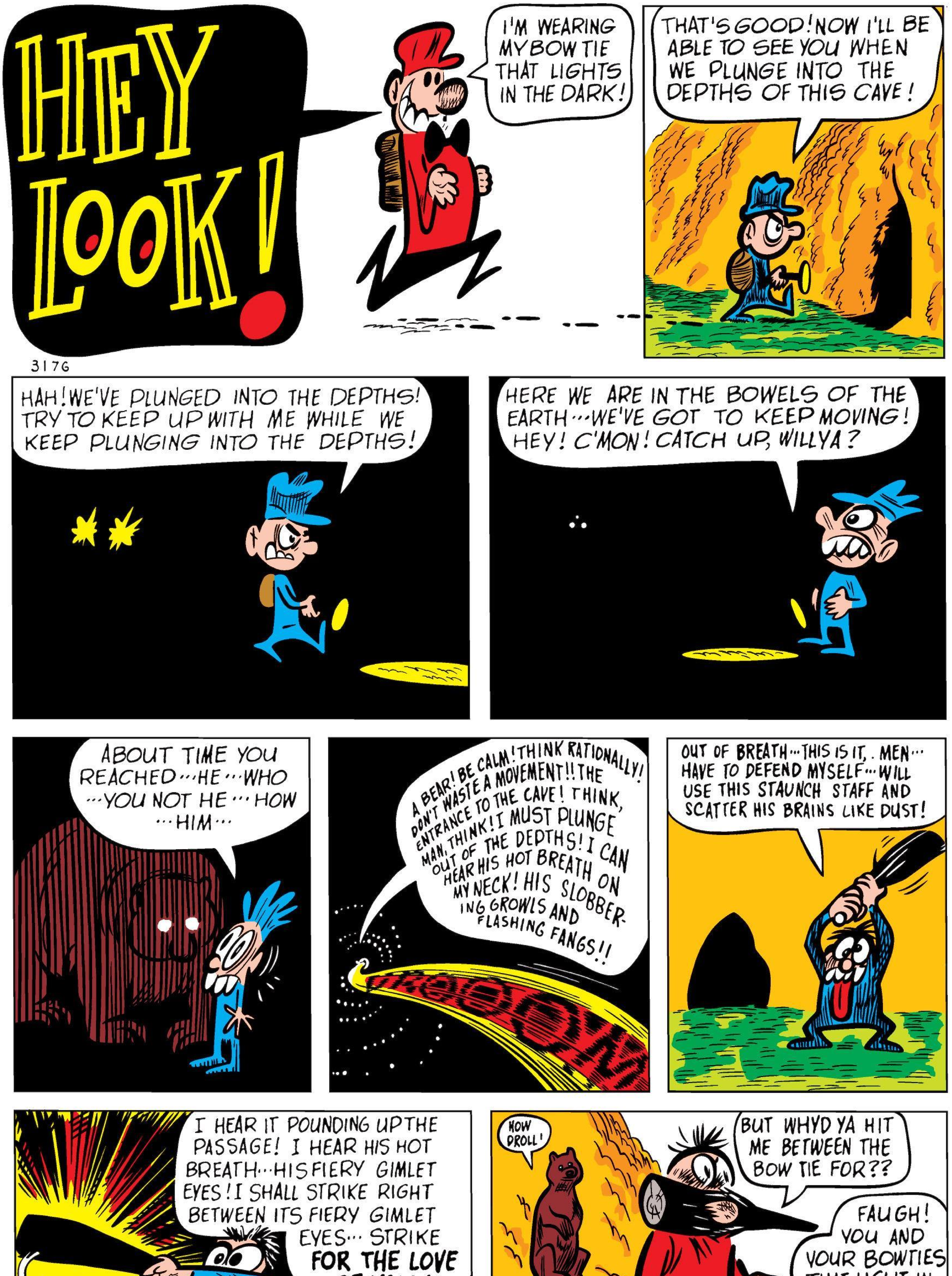

AW HEDY, YOU KNOW I HATE TO GO SHOPPING!
NOW, GABBY, DON'T BE HARD TO GET ALONG WITH... ALL I WANT TO BUY IS A PICTURE!

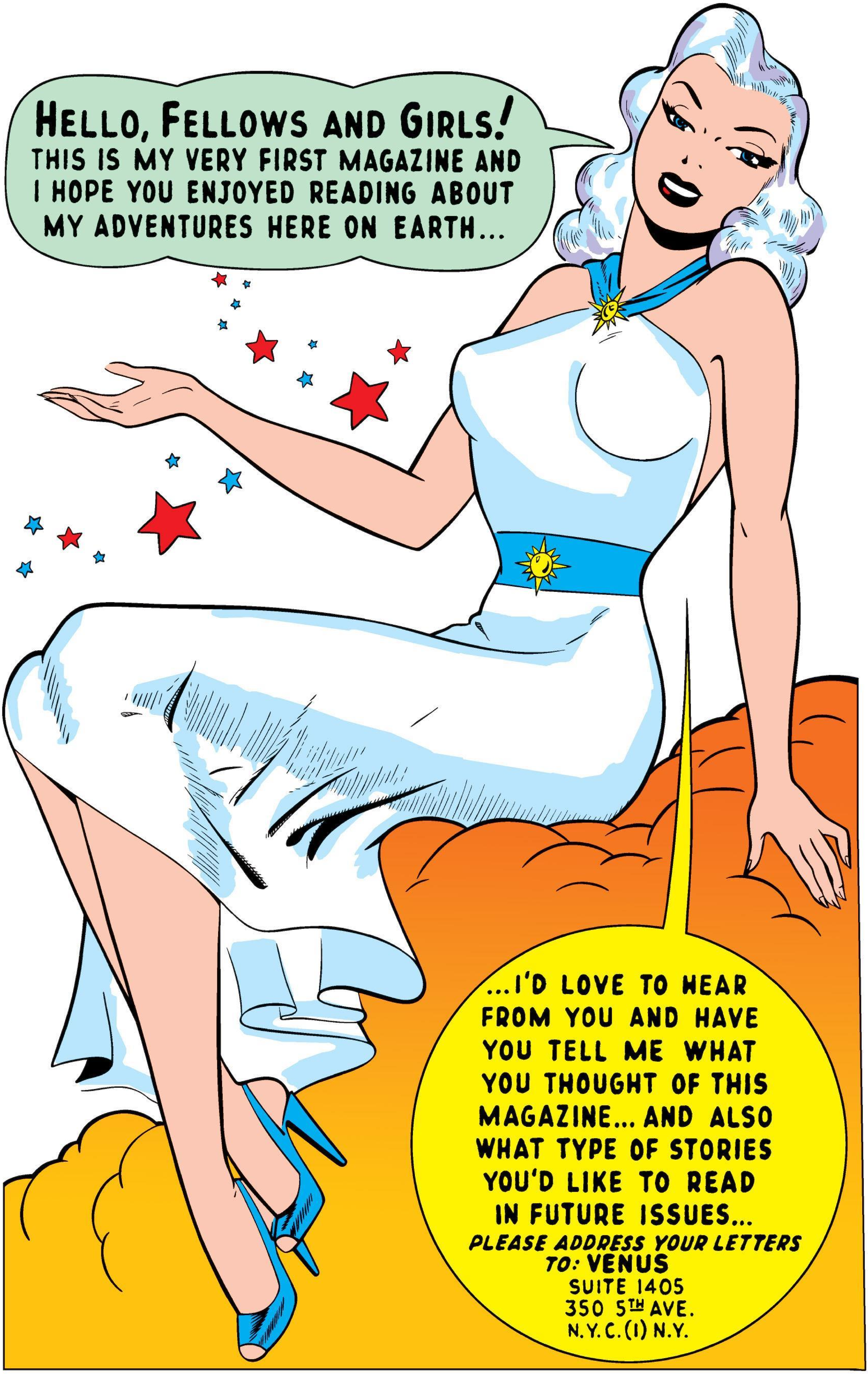

I'VE GOT A BLANK SPOT ON A WALL IN THE LIVING ROOM AND I WANT TO COVER IT WITH A PAINTING!
WELL, I GUESS WE CAN FIX THAT UP!
Art
ART
PICTURE FRAMING ART SUPPLIES


MISS DE VINE, THIS IS **INDEED** AN HONOR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE TO BUY A PAINTING TO PUT ON A PINK WALL!
HERE IS **JUST** THE THING..... AN EDUARDO WINIARSKI MASTERPIECE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU FORGOT TO TAKE OFF THE WRAPPING!
OOOH!
GEE, GABBY, ISN'T IT THE LOVELIEST THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN?
NO! BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? **YOU** LIKE IT!
OH, **DEAR!** HOW AWFUL! THIS PICTURE CLASHES WITH MY **RUST** COLORED SETTEE!
YEAH, YEAH! TOO BAD! C'MON, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THAT SHOW!
OH, WE CAN'T LEAVE **NOW!** I CAN'T LEAVE...
...A PICTURE AND SETTEE THAT DON'T MATCH! HELLO, HELLO...
AT THE MAIN SALESROOM OF THE SWANK STYLE FURNITURE COMPANY..
HELLO, MISS DE VINE! WHAT? YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE YOUR RUST SETTEE FOR A GREEN ONE? VERY WELL, I'LL HAVE ONE SENT RIGHT OVER!


OKAY HEDY! YOU'VE MADE YOUR PHONE CALL... **NOW** CAN WE GO TO A SHOW?
OH, DEAR, NO! I'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR MY NEW SETTEE TO BE DELIVERED!
A HALF HOUR LATER.....
OH, THAT MUST BE THE DELIVERY MEN NOW!
R-R-ING!
THAT'S IT... BRING IT RIGHT IN, PLEASE!
G'BYE, MA'AM!
WELL, OF **ALL THINGS!** THIS SETTEE IS TOO BIG..... IT DOESN'T FIT AGAINST THE WALL!
OH, GABBY, WOULD YOU MOVE THE SETTEE AROUND TILL YOU FIND A PLACE FOR IT?
ALL I WANTED WAS TO TAKE YOU TO A SHOW!
JUST A HARMLESS SHOW!
PUFF... THAT'S ALL... PUFF!
PUFF, PUFF... GROAN!
HEDY! IT... PUFF... DOESN'T FIT... PANT... ANYWHERE!
HMM, THERE'S ONLY **ONE** THING TO DO!
YES, MISS DE VINE, THIS IS THE RITZ REAL ESTATE OFFICE! WHAT? YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR HOUSE AND BUY A LARGER ONE? WHY, I HAVE ONE YOU CAN LOOK AT RIGHT NOW!
EAL ESTATE
INSURANCE BROKERS ISES BOUGHT AND SOLD


HEDY, ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR CLOTHES TO GO TO THE SHOW WITH ME?
NOT YET... **FIRST..** WE HAVE TO GO LOOK AT A NEW HOUSE THAT THE SETTEE WILL FIT IN!
.....AN HOUR LATER.....
IT **IS** BEAUTIFUL!
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT!
OH, WELL, IT WAS PROBABLY A CRUMMY SHOW ANYWAY!
HERE'S A **PERFECT** SPACE FOR THE NEW SETTEE... I'LL BUY THE HOUSE!
THE HOUSE IS UNFURNISHED, BUT THE TENANTS LEFT PICTURES BEHIND!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? I'VE GOT A NEW SETTEE AND A NEW HOUSE!
SURE, BUT IT COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS FOR THE SETTEE AND THOUSANDS FOR THE HOUSE AND FOR **WHAT?**
FOR THE **PAINTING,** OF **COURSE!**
BUT, HEDY, THE HOUSE YOU BOUGHT ALREADY HAS PAINTINGS ON THE WALL..... THERE WON'T BE ROOM FOR THE ONE YOU **BOUGHT!**
HOW MARVELOUS!
THAT MEANS I **REALLY** SAVED MONEY! NOW WE'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THE STORE AND GET MY $22 BACK! SEE HOW **CLEVER** I AM?
THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!
THE END


HEY LOOK!
I'M WEARING MY BOW TIE THAT LIGHTS IN THE DARK!
THAT'S GOOD! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU WHEN WE PLUNGE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THIS CAVE!
3176
HAH! WE'VE PLUNGED INTO THE DEPTHS! TRY TO KEEP UP WITH ME WHILE WE KEEP PLUNGING INTO THE DEPTHS!
HERE WE ARE IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH···WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING! HEY! C'MON! CATCH UP, WILLYA?
ABOUT TIME YOU REACHED···HE···WHO ···YOU NOT HE···HOW ···HIM···
A BEAR! BE CALM! THINK RATIONALLY! DON'T WASTE A MOVEMENT!! THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE! THINK, MAN, THINK! I MUST PLUNGE OUT OF THE DEPTHS! I CAN HEAR HIS HOT BREATH ON MY NECK! HIS SLOBBERING GROWLS AND FLASHING FANGS!!
OUT OF BREATH···THIS IS IT,. MEN··· HAVE TO DEFEND MYSELF···WILL USE THIS STAUNCH STAFF AND SCATTER HIS BRAINS LIKE DUST!
I HEAR IT POUNDING UP THE PASSAGE! I HEAR HIS HOT BREATH···HIS FIERY GIMLET EYES! I SHALL STRIKE RIGHT BETWEEN ITS FIERY GIMLET EYES··· STRIKE FOR THE LOVE OF KALI!!
H.Kurtz&
HOW DROLL!
BUT WHYD YA HIT ME BETWEEN THE BOW TIE FOR??
FAUGH! YOU AND YOUR BOWTIES THAT LIGHT IN THE DARK!
THE END


HELLO, FELLOWS AND GIRLS! THIS IS MY VERY FIRST MAGAZINE AND I HOPE YOU ENJOYED READING ABOUT MY ADVENTURES HERE ON EARTH...
...I'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU AND HAVE YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF THIS MAGAZINE... AND ALSO WHAT TYPE OF STORIES YOU'D LIKE TO READ IN FUTURE ISSUES...
PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO: VENUS
SUITE 1405
350 5TH AVE.
N.Y.C.(1) N.Y.